WEEK ENDING MAY 1, 1926

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Liberty

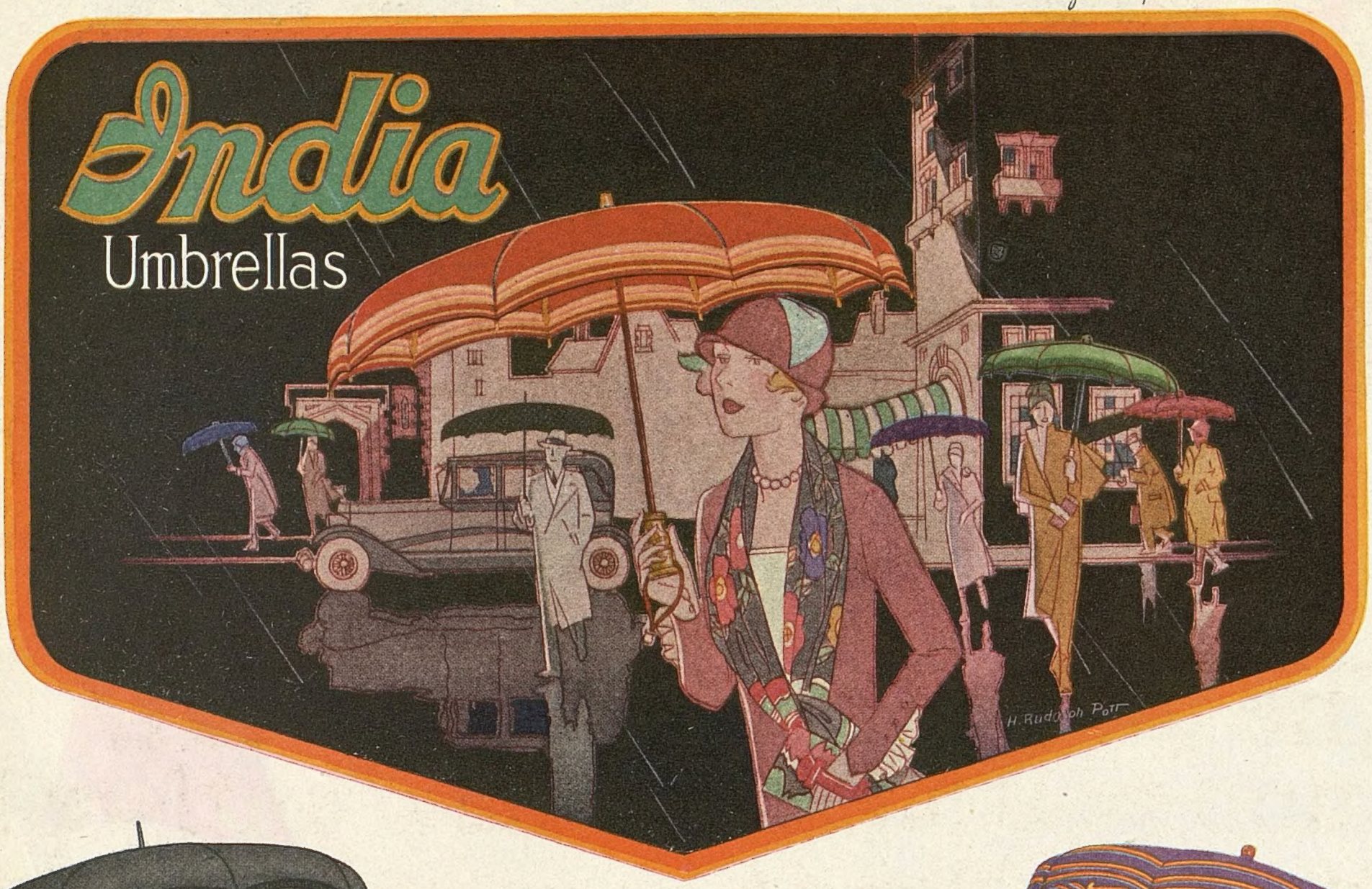
A Weekly for the Whole Family

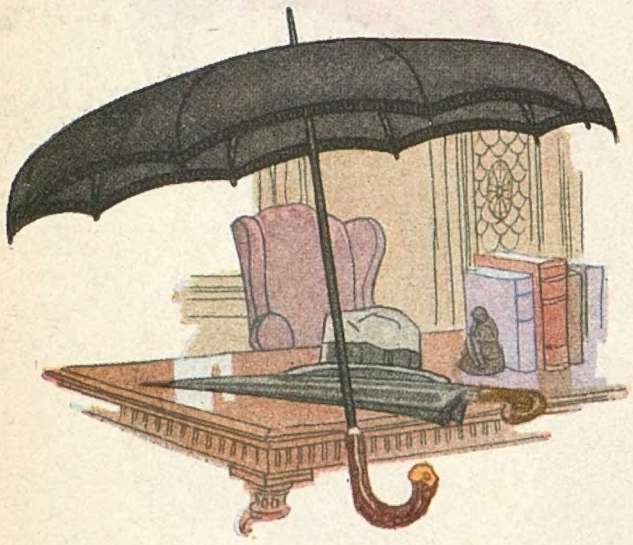
"Chick Chick Chick"

In this issue

Temptations *of the* Movies *by* NORMA TALMADGE

"The little umbrella with the big spread"





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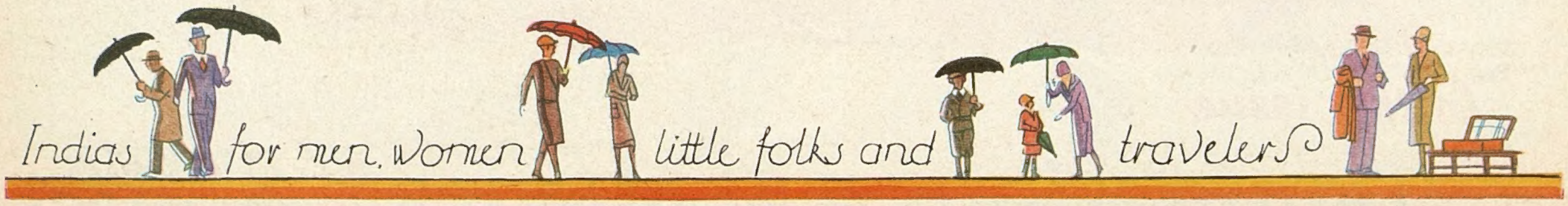

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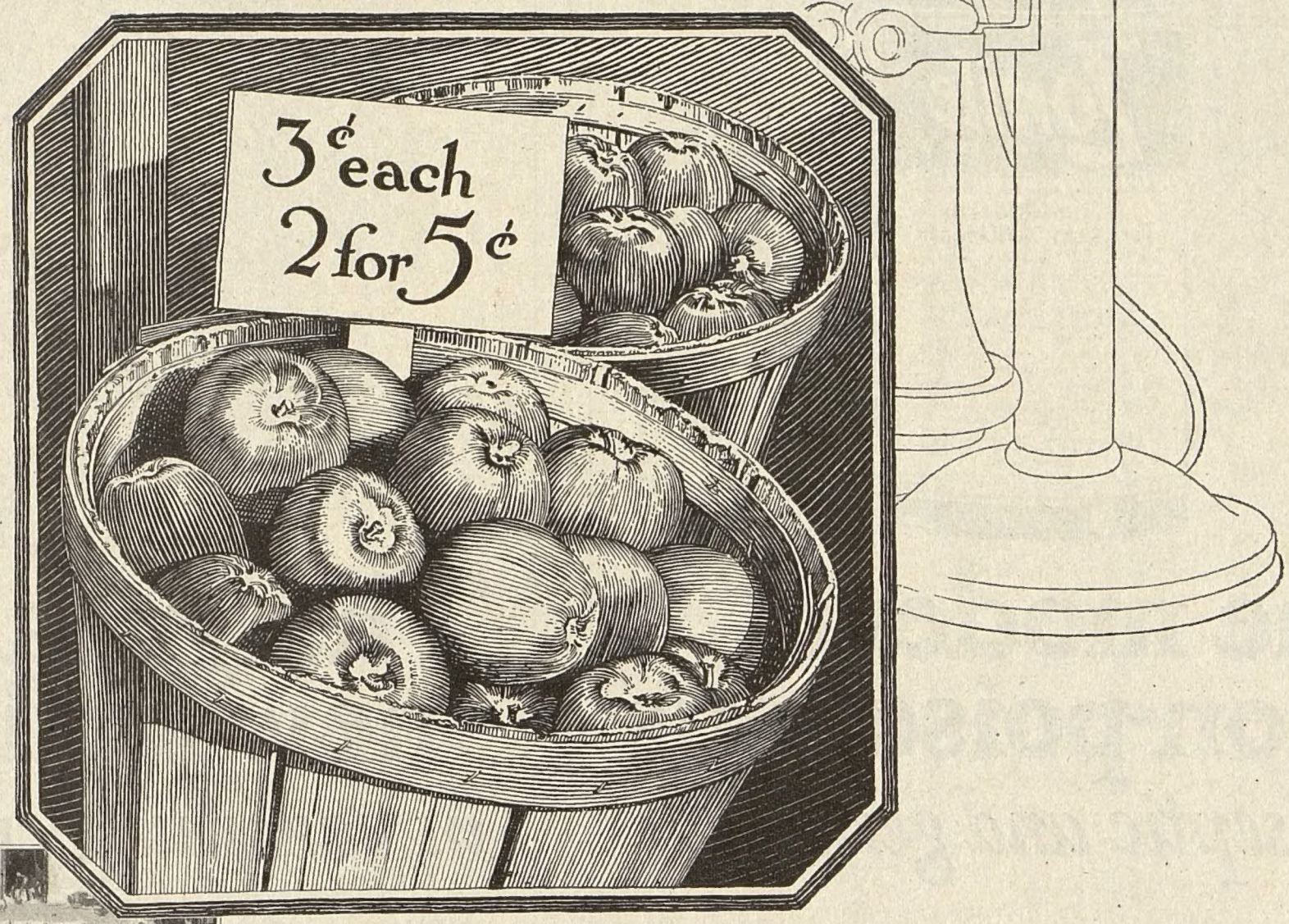

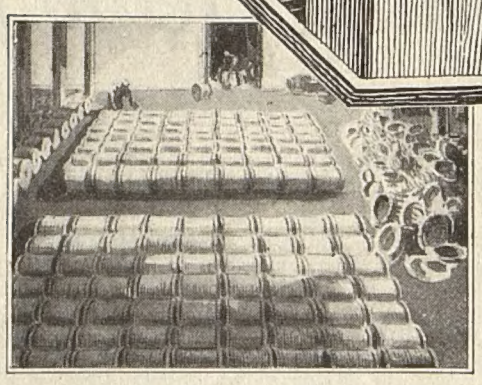

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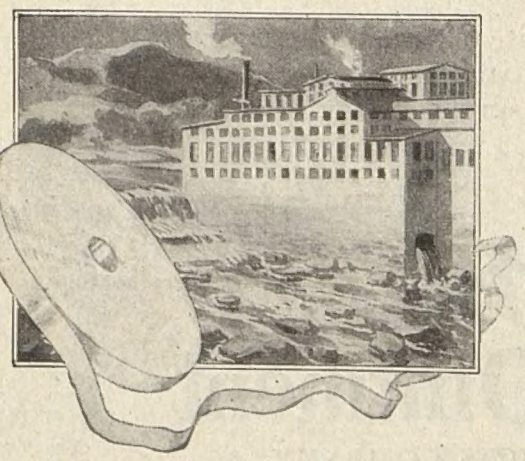

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE ROAD TO TRUE TEMPERANCE—*An Editorial*

In recent straw balloting conducted by American newspapers, about 2,500,000 voted for changing the prohibition laws and about 460,000 favored the Volstead act. Some of the polls showed nine to one urging modification or repeal, others five to one, and some cities voted wet twelve to one.

To these figures the drys reply that the form of the question was unfair, that the drys, holding the question already closed, did not vote, and that the poll was chiefly in large cities, with the bulk of the prohibitionists, who live in the country or small towns, having no opportunity to express their views. Some polls of dry mass meetings showed fewer than three per cent had voted at all.

There is merit in the dry rebuttal. No one supposes the United States, as a whole, would vote nine or five to one against prohibition. But that is not the point. The newspaper polls prove that city people want their wine and beer. A similar poll taken exclusively in country districts probably would show as large a proportion favoring prohibition.

Liberty does not know whether fifty-five per cent of the people of the United States would vote wet and forty-five per cent dry or the other way around. It does know the country vote, especially in the Mid-West and South, is for prohibition and that the large cities are against it.

But we do not see why the Kansan should dictate to the New Yorker about his drinking habits. Let the New Yorker settle that matter for himself. On the other hand, we do not believe the largely foreign-born populations of New York or Chicago should tell the up-Stater of New York or the corn-belter of Illinois that he must permit the sale of liquor in his town.

We stand for temperance and for anything that will bring real temperance. But moonshine liquor is the worst kind, and the bootlegger a more dangerous citizen than a licensee. There is little if anything good to be said for liquor. There is much to be said for temperance. We favor any plan to bring temperance. Obviously, the Volstead act has not brought it. The plan to allow us to vote by States on prohibition would be little more satisfactory. Then the cities would impose their will upon the small towns and the country, or vice versa. Local option is probably the sanest method, with the right of small communities to make themselves dry even in wet counties.

We come back to the local option theory. Under local option laws the United States was getting temperance. How rapidly America was drying up is not realized. The white areas denoting dry districts were spreading steadily on the map. The black areas were dwindling at a rate alarming to brewers and distillers. At the speed with which local option was gaining, the entire country, excepting a few large cities, would have been dry in a generation. Before national prohibition the temperance slogan, based on the spread of local option, was "America Dry by 1930."

Then Volstead told us we must not poke beans up our noses, and many of us who, like McGuffey's children, never had thought of doing such a thing, immediately began to shove bootleg beans up our nostrils. Instead of hastening temperance, the Volstead act has delayed it. No one imagines we can dry bootleg America by 1930. If the law is a failure, as the newspaper polls indicate and many prohibition leaders admit, possibly the quickest and surest way to temperance is to return to local option laws, with stricter regulation of railroads and express companies to prevent shipment of liquor into communities not wanting it.

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P. G. WODEHOUSE, in THE LEVEL BUSINESS HEAD, writes an inimitably funny tale of dogs, diamonds, and a meeting of Master Minds.

TRIAL MARRIAGE is the amazing revelation of an experiment in love, written from her own life by SARI FEDAK, wife of Franz Molnar.

HUGH FULLERTON weaves an absorbing tale of a bashful man and the town's prettiest girl in THE RABBIT CLIMBS A TREE.

EDWIN BALMER starts FLYING DEATH, a smashing new serial. Read the important announcement on Page 46 of this issue.

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Temptations of the Movies

A New Insight Into the Lives of Girls In Filmland

An Article by

Norma Talmadge

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

TEMPTATIONS—what are they? Can we put our fingers on some moment of our lives and say, "There was a temptation"? Are temptations lurking around the corner waiting to leap out, or do they grow up slowly inside and gradually take possession of us?

The temptations of the movies are no more than the temptations of life. I shall give you three pictures of the movies and you shall be the judge of the dangers of filmland. They are true stories and they are typical.

The first I shall call "The Girl Who Went to Tia Juana." The second is about "The Director Who Sat on the Floor." And the third is the tale of "The Girl Who Listened to the Music."

THE GIRL WHO WENT TO TIA JUANA

Myrtle Jones was seventeen years old when she bought a one-way ticket from Kansas City to Hollywood. By the time she had picked out the "outfit" she thought would make an impression on casting directors, there was twenty-five dollars in her purse.

But I am sure Myrtle at that time was not a bit afraid of the future. As far as sheer beauty went, there were then three, or perhaps four, stars in Hollywood who could match her. I remember seeing her once when she had picked up a five-dollar "bit" in a comedy, and it was evident that everyone was noticing her. She saw it, too, and her eyes had a happy, excited look, as if she expected to be called over by the director any minute to take a real part.

But beautiful girls are an old story to directors and there was something about Myrtle that told you she had learned to count too

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NORMA Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien in a love scene.

[TEMPTATIONS OF THE MOVIES Continued from Page Seven]

much on that beautiful copper hair and those delicate, regular features. People at home had probably made her feel that her beauty alone was enough to carry her along through life.

So far as I know Myrtle never got more than two or three short odd jobs during the two months she lasted in Hollywood. Her parents must have sent her a little money, or she could not have held out that long. The man who told me later the details of her story assured me that during her stay there she played the game straight—not trying to "get in" with any of the men around the lots and refusing any such offers of help "on condition" as may have come to her.

Finally, of course, she starved. In the old days, when everyone was turning out film after film in a wild riot of production, an energetic girl could get enough of the five-dollar-a-day bits to pay for board and room. But the making of motion pictures today is no longer a hit-or-miss experiment.

Films are the result of careful planning and long preparation. That means fewer and better pictures, with more permanent jobs, but not so many of them.

Myrtle must have fought what is called temptation just as long as she could. But loneliness and hunger are hard to beat. She did not drift into a vicious life, but, like so many girls without great strength of character, she struggled along the straight path with a sort of dull desperation—and then let go all at once.

One afternoon she was walking aimlessly on Hollywood Boulevard. Her "outfit" was beginning to look a little mussed and tawdry and her shoes were probably worn thin. Up to the curb beside her drew a shiny green sport-model car. The two sheiks who occupied it called to her, told her they were assistant directors on the Goldwyn lot, that they knew her, and wanted to talk over a place for her in a new cast.

It is doubtful if Myrtle believed their story. She had picked up enough wisdom to know that opportunity in Hollywood rarely comes riding on the wings of romance. But she got in the car, and there is no record that she struggled or protested on the way down to San Diego—nor even when she learned that the car was headed for Tia Juana—across the line into Mexico.

That trip finished Myrtle. She was "across the line" for good. The fight to stay straight must have exhausted her slender store of character and made her feel that her defeat was final and hopeless. At any rate she remained in Tia Juana.

The last I heard of her, Myrtle was a saloon girl, getting forty cents for every dollar's worth of drink she could induce her casual companions to buy.

The Director Who Sat on the Floor

This happened in the rough-and-tumble days of Hollywood, when many a director held his job because he was a good bully with a loud voice and a talent for heavy sarcasm.

Sam Whalen had been a property man with a stock company before he got a good job directing features. He must have been a complete failure with girls in his youth, otherwise he would not have been so eager to prove his power over them when he got the chance.

In his new work Sam had apparently developed all the instincts of a petty Solomon. The first time I saw him he was sitting cross-legged on the floor, surrounded by a group of adoring movie aspirants. His left arm was thrown around the shoulder of his temporary favorite, his fingers carelessly toying with her golden locks, while his right hand manipulated a megaphone and gestured in a lordly and emphatic manner.

The scene would have been a comic burlesque, except for the appearance of the girls who were looking up so hopefully and expectantly to this czar of the lot. They were pretty enough—Sam would see to that—but there wasn't one of them who had sufficient backbone and character to make even a minor success in pictures. Yet there they were, each one obviously clinging to the belief that if she could capture Sam's favor and hold it long enough she would become a great star.

HILDA JOHNSON, a girl from a small town in Oregon, came to Hollywood prepared to conquer fame on the strength of a course in dramatic art she had taken at a Portland school. She was of that gushing and rather shallow type of young woman that life seems to trip up so often and so completely.

But Hilda was shrewd and ingenious in pursuing ambition and so got more than her share of "extra" work to do. In the course of time she found herself in Sam Whalen's sphere of influence. If she had had a grain of real sense she would have seen at once that Sam could not help her or anyone else in any important way.

Vanity, however, made her blind and she fell for Sam's assumed importance. She believed that he would be a step up the ladder for her and she decided—I believe quite coolly and unscrupulously—to play his game.

The thing was carried out quite openly. The director, I am sure, was never loath to let the world know when he had a new "conquest," and Hilda must have thought that, in some way, publicity would help to fasten a greater obligation on Sam.

Of course it didn't last, and when Sam told Hilda that he was disappointed in her talent, indicating plainly he had another favorite in view, the girl made a terrible scene. She had just enough instinct for a stagy effect to wait until Sam was posed in the midst of his feminine admirers and then launched her denunciation.

The quarrel was noisy and brought many unlovely qualities of Sam's nature to the surface. It caused a scandal that broadcast all the details of the tawdry affair.

Then Hilda, fired almost bodily from Sam's lot, did the silliest thing a girl can do. She dramatized herself in the role of the offcast and broken-hearted girl. To make her role stand up, she pretended that the only thing that could soothe her grief was morphine.

But you can't play-act with morphine. Inside of two months Hilda was a helpless and hopeless addict. Her relatives came and took her home, but I'm sure she was too far gone ever to recover.

The Girl Who Listened to the Music

Dorothy Brown had real talent. She came to Hollywood in the only way any girl ought to come—with a serious intention to work and enough money to last for a year or more.

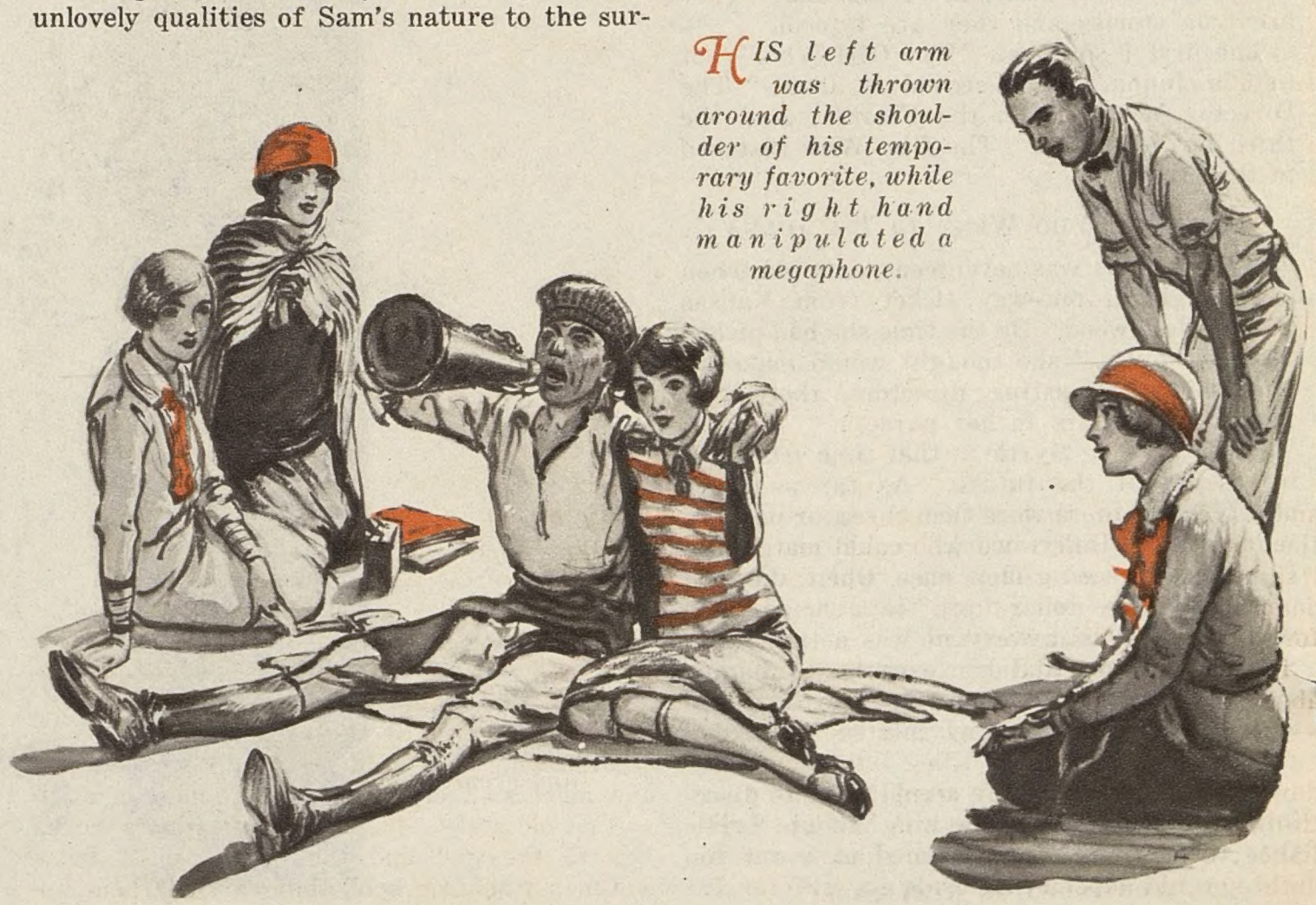
Dorothy had brown wavy hair, dancing eyes, and a quick, sympathetic smile. Without being a raving beauty, she possessed the far more important qualities of charm and personality. You felt when you looked at her that she was very much alive, very brave and adventurous, but level-headed enough as far as ordinary dangers were concerned. Everyone liked her and she started right out to make good.

It was not weakness nor short-sighted ambition that brought trouble to Dorothy. It was the strong wine of romance.

To a person who is not used to it there is something strangely exciting about a moving-picture set at night when a film is being made. The newcomers on the lot always stand around watching it with the same fascinated expression that people have who are staring at a big fire.

Dorothy had won for herself a small part in a society play. One night they were shooting a gorgeous ballroom scene and Dorothy's bit consisted of dancing into the picture with her partner, registering some action with the star and her lead, then dancing off the set again. Her part was over early in the evening's work, but Dorothy stayed around afterward watching the rest of the scene.

Her partner in this bit was a handsome boy, hardly older than herself and also a newcomer in the game. They sat together on a bench just off the set, and I don't believe either one of them realized they were holding hands. They had that flushed, fascinated look,



HIS left arm was thrown around the shoulder of his temporary favorite, while his right hand manipulated a megaphone.

Melbourne Spurr Photo

Norma Talmadge.

and I remember that someone suggested at the time that they would make an ideal "shot" of boy and girl lovers. But the incident would have been quickly forgotten except for what happened afterward.

I don't know what those two were thinking about. Probably they were not thinking at all—just feeling the intoxication of the moment.

The glare of the huge Klieg lights beating down on the set made it seem the only real thing in the world. There was life and brilliance; everything else was a shadow where nothing could happen that made any difference.

And the music was playing. Over and over again the couples would dance out on the set, then off again. Scenes would be interrupted and repeated, the director giving instructions, the assistants hurrying here and there—but always the steady glare of those lights and always the infatuating strains of the orchestra.

Mind you, I'm only trying to suggest how all this affected Dorothy. To most of us it was an old story—just a hard evening's work. But to the girl and the boy it must have woven a romantic spell that carried them up into the clouds. The last I saw of them, Dorothy was still gazing at the set with that hypnotized look, but now she was leaning toward the boy with her lips parted and her body was swaying ever so little to the music. He was staring too, but his arm was around Dorothy's waist. The next time I looked they were gone. The news of their escapade went the rounds two days later. Without even changing their evening clothes these two grown children had gotten hold of someone's automobile and driven off into the night.

The man who owned the car reported it as stolen and the police traced it to a cabin in the hills. Dorothy and the boy were there, waiting until it was dark to come back to town. Of course there was talk and scandal. Dorothy held her head high and said little, but it was evident that to her the affair was a tragedy. She did not love the boy; she did not even pretend that she loved him. She had simply been caught in the illusion of romance and her natural pride and self-respect suffered bitterly.

Another girl might have shrugged her shoulders and developed callous indifference, but not Dorothy. Bravely, as always, she finished her work with the picture she was in, then disappeared from Hollywood, leaving behind the promise of a brilliant career.

There you have the three pictures I promised to paint of what are called the temptations of the movies. They are typical, for they illustrate the three main reasons why girls get into trouble in filmland—poverty, ambition, and romance. I never knew a case that could not be traced to one or the other of these three causes.

But does that apply only to life in the movies? Doesn't it hold good for life anywhere?

As a matter of fact, such things do happen

The last I heard of her, Myrtle was a saloon girl.

constantly in the business world. Switch the scene that went to Dorothy's head into a dance hall, a cabaret, or a night club, and you have

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TEMPTATIONS OF THE MOVIES
Continued from Page Nine]

results that are repeated again and again in the lives of girls who live in sheltered homes. I am no croaking crape-hanger, but I can see that there are dangers almost any place for credulous adolescents easily blinded by adulation and misled by false standards.

People can go and frequently have gone thoroughly to the dogs while attending well regulated boarding schools or trilling lustily in church choirs. The background does not necessarily have to be Hollywood or Greenwich Village or the chorus of the Follies.

Indeed, it sometimes makes me indignant to hear Hollywood unanimously blamed for the downfall of some girl or boy who probably would have rushed to the bowwows in any environment except solitary confinement. Many, many times the tragedies that are attributed to the temptations of Hollywood in reality started far away from the studios.

YET—and this is the saddest part of it all—it seems that the most spontaneous, the most generous, the most affectionate, and the most charming of young people are the ones who, because of these very qualities, are in the greatest danger.

Where heart rules head pitfalls seem to multiply. Girls of this type too often put their faith in the faithless. They seem to believe in everyone. They are consumed with aspirations, usually fall in love and are willing to marry a man to redeem him—which latter sacrifice, to my mind, is sheer nonsense.

These girls are hero-worshipers. And the heroes are often not even first-class villains but impossible parasites whose experience has taught them that often the finest and bravest and best of girls are led far afield when misguided by the impression that they are being good sports. These are the girls who truly suffer and these are the ones whom charity should enfold in its most comforting mantle.

The selfish, cold young women deserve little sympathy. They dig their gold with a calculating eye—and never, never give anything without expecting a certain and profitable return. They will be moral, unmoral, immoral when any of these conditions seems to promise remuneration either in a financial way or in terms of advancement. If such young persons lose out in their gamble, they have none to blame but themselves.

But—resentful as I am of the repeated criticisms of the morals of the movies—I must confess that Hollywood does offer certain special dangers to young people. To come through a period of studio life unscathed one must have real character—and lots of it.

Most girls simply have to learn the ropes by experience.

Newcomers anxious to catch on usually fall first into the outer edges of the movie whirl, where are congregated questionable characters of both sexes. A girl may even excusably make heroes out of these types for a time, but a rotten time it will be. But a girl with native intelligence and normal feminine intuition will emerge from this slumming at last. The cost may be heavy when she begins to total it, but if she's got some spunk and some backbone she will waste no time on vain regrets but will charge it up to experience and get back to real work as quickly as possible.

Once, it is true, life in the studios was less polite and civilized than it is now. Ten years ago some of the moving-picture directors were coarse men and ruffians. This is not surprising. Then the cost of a production was sometimes only one hundred and fifty dollars. But today when a production costs sometimes as much as a million dollars, and represents a great financial enterprise, bankers and investors do not trust such an investment to commonplace men.

Nowadays girls and men are hired by a regular employment department. Their records are investigated. Those whose past will not bear inspection are dropped. Most directors now keep detectives disguised as stage carpenters or extras to weed out undesirables of both sexes.

I do not wish to appear as an apologist for the shortcomings of Hollywood, but I think a glance at some of the exactions of the life will bring about a better understanding.

The hours are interminably long and there is a constant mental and physical strain. When work on a picture starts, the entire cast reports in make-up at the studio at eight-

thirty or nine o'clock in the morning and is usually on the lot until eight at night, although often it is midnight when we get away.

Throughout the day everybody remains in costume and must be within calling distance, yet most of the time is spent in simply hanging around—the most trying and unsatisfactory form of work. Most of the cast is young, and youth is flirtatious, and there you are.

For these waiting extra girls and sprightly youths there is much to gossip about. How such and such a person has been raised to stardom and gets thousands a week; how the sheik has married the vamp; how the vamp has divorced the juvenile—all this gives the fledglings a false and artificial view of the realities and the essentials.

MUCH of the work is indoors. There is no chance to leave for a walk or a golf game or a breath of fresh air. To work in a studio is almost like working in a foundry. The stage carpenters are forever busy, pounding, tearing down sets, building new ones, working noisy mechanical appliances. The Klieg lights are fatiguing and painful. At the end of a week or so there comes a crying need for relaxation. This is the danger point. If the relaxation is sane, well enough; if it is foolish, score another tragedy for Hollywood.

Acting for the screen is of itself a trying ordeal to the emotions. On the speaking stage an actress can project herself thoroughly into her role. She can actually become the character she is portraying and throw herself into the part with the utmost abandon and with full enjoyment of its beauties. She can speak her lines, and, if she has the capacity, sway her audience at each performance.

The result is a real sense of individual achievement, a feeling that when the play is ended she has accomplished something. She is part of a consecutive story and when that story is told she, too, feels that her day has been definitely and satisfactorily rounded out.

The motion-picture actress must act and weep and laugh under the coldly critical eye of the director, the cameraman, and a few bored stage hands. At first, perhaps, she may find some inspiration even in these accessories, but there are times when even the exercise of her strongest will power cannot prevent her from longing for a real and a sensitive audience.

Moving pictures are made in fragments—perhaps a scene from the middle will come first, then one from the beginning of the scenario, then one from the end. The members of the cast never get the illusion of having actually lived through a satisfying or exciting drama. There is a sense of emotional incompleteness—and sometimes they are tempted to satisfy outside the studio their craving for dramatic excitement.

One point that I think is generally overlooked in discussing the moral atmosphere of the motion-picture world is the emphasis which is placed upon beauty of face, figure, scenic effect. Few attempt to invade the movie world who do not feel that they have outstanding beauty or charm or personality.

PERHAPS it is true that beauty is too strongly accentuated in the films, but that's a question for directors to determine.

I realized this soon after I first worked with the Vitagraph Company in Brooklyn. I was fourteen and a student in Erasmus High School then. My family was not affluent, and, knowing I had to find some sort of permanent employment, I turned to moving pictures. I believed then, and know now, that study and hard work will carry one far in picture work.

Those were the days of the illustrated song, and I had posed for several. I knew I photographed well. When the Vitagraph Stock Company offered me a position at twenty-five dollars weekly, I accepted eagerly. My first good part came with the filming of A Tale of Two Cities. The Battle Cry of Peace offered me my first lead.

In the many pictures that followed, down to Kiki, which was released this spring, I have been conscious of the glamour of moving pictures—that glamour which, if misunderstood or accepted too literally, leads to what we have spoken of here as temptations.

But these were greater in the earlier days, I think. Such pictures as Graustark, Kiki, and The Garden of Allah, which is to be filmed in Egypt, exact much from the people who play in them. The casts are carefully chosen, and the amount of work to be accomplished leaves little time for anything but much needed rest. Indeed, this is generally true of the entire industry today. The girl who would succeed in pictures has little time for temptation.

Here is my parting advice on Hollywood: Don't go unless you are sure you are pretty and sure, too, that it shows in a motion picture. Don't go unless you have flawless teeth and a splendid figure. Avoid it like the plague unless you have at least two thousand dollars besides the other requisites.

Success in the movies is tangible, outspoken, widespread. It is gratifying to vanity, it is thrilling, but it often creates a false, misleading, and distorted impression of its own importance. It is not permanent, as so many of its stars have learned. It is ephemeral—a thing of the moment. But it is thoroughly, thrillingly sweet to the last drop; and I am deeply, truly grateful for the share of it that has come to me.

THE END

Two Tricks *in* Hearts

The Astonishing Adventures of a Man Who Thought He Wanted Freedom

A Short Story

By SAMUEL MERWIN

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THE great ship Irenian towered above the pier structure. People were being kissed good-by. The scene had a gay tangle about it.

Mr. Stout—Mr. B. F. Stout of Cardiff, Illinois—found the deck steward. He was a short man, inclining to stoutness and, under the hat of Panama straw, bald. His circumspect gaze roved among the thronging people as he spoke. Was it safe?

A girl appeared, saw him, came hurrying. An exquisite, sinuous little person, with a delicate oval face and prettily shingled hair. She kissed him. She mustn't do that. Of course, nearly everybody was being kissed by somebody, but——

"We can sit together here," said she, with a soft possessiveness.

Some of the deck chairs already had cards attached. Mr. Stout looked at the name on the next chair to the right: "Wm. B. Miltoun." He started, glanced hurriedly at the card next beyond: "Mrs. Wm. B. Miltoun." And beyond that, "Miss Elsie Miltoun."

The Miltouns of Bloomington! Mrs. Miltoun was a second cousin of Eva's. (Eva was his wife.) They used to live in Cardiff. It was almost like encountering his own family. He gripped the girl's arm savagely and led her away from the surprised steward.

"You can't sit with me," he said firmly.

"But I thought you said——"

"Never mind what I said. Some relatives of mine are in those next chairs."

She stood, downcast, slowly moving one pointed slipper along a crack in the polished deck.

"I couldn't get a room by myself. I'm in with two school-teachers. Where's your room?"

SHE mustn't do that. Of course, everybody was being kissed by somebody, but——

"I'm in with a cattleman from San Antonio."

"But that's rather—how am I going to see you?"

"We can't meet on the ship. And you'd better not speak to me."

Back and forth, back and forth, moved the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TWO TRICKS IN HEARTS
Continued from Page Eleven]

foot. Finally, without lifting her eyes, she walked deliberately away. The Miltouns appeared. There were exuberant greetings.

"What fun! Going to Paris? We'll travel on together! This is wonderful! How are Eva and Lucy? They're not with you? Oh, a business trip."

Pauline came walking by, clinging to the arm of a blond young man. He'd seen him somewhere before — somewhere. She gave him merely a half-look and sailed by. Who was the fellow? Savagely jealous impulses surged in his breast.

Late that night, on the top deck, he told Pauline how sorry he was. But it would be all right in Paris.

"I've felt awful, dear," she confided.

"So have I," said he. Then pointedly, "But you found someone to talk with."

"Oh, Tom Diamond. That was lucky. I knew him when I was out in the four-a-day." She laughed softly, cuddling close and kissing his cheek. "Now you mustn't mind Tom, Daddy. He's just a pal. I have to talk to somebody."

He was silent. Suddenly he remembered where he'd seen that blond young man. On the Chicago train that evening. Pauline had appeared to know him. Queer.

"THERE'S an actress on the ship," said Elsie. "A lovely little thing."

They were stretched out in their chairs, Mr. Stout and Elsie Miltoun. Bill and Ann had disappeared after lunch. This was the next day.

"Her name's Pauline La Salle. I'm going to speak to her."

Elsie was a determined young woman. After luncheon Mr. Stout and Bill Miltoun played a rubber of sniff in the smoking-room. When they finally strolled out on deck, it was to discover Elsie and her mother chatting pleasantly with the actress. None other. Mr. Stout found himself being introduced, caught the glint in her eyes. Elsie talked eagerly. Pauline was demure. Mr. Stout contrived to smile vaguely and walked away.

When he went down to dress he found a note on his berth: "Daddy dear, they say I've got to sit with you all in the dining-room. I couldn't think what to say. Do you mind?"

Did he mind! He didn't dress, but retreated to the smoking-room for a sandwich.

Bill found him, after dinner, curled up unhappily in a corner.

"You poor old thing!"—thus Bill. "No dinner? Everybody asked after you. Jolly having the young people at table. There's no use talking, a pretty actress does freshen up the scenery. And I'll say she's a cute little trick."

Mr. Stout straightened up, exhibiting an agonized face to his friend.

"Bill," he said, deliberately picking his words, "sit down here. I've got something to tell you. I'm not seasick. Now listen. I'm not asking you to help me, but——

"You know just about what my life has been. I went into the Cardiff National Bank thirty-two years ago this summer as a messenger. I wasn't quite eighteen. Eight years

ago they made me president. I'm a trustee of the First Church. And take my home life. Eva's a wonderful wife. She never ventures an opinion; just quietly does her work and

HE endured the suggestive duet the two sang, sitting on the imagined bed, cheek to cheek.

helps in church affairs, and keeps things pleasant. I've nothing but respect and admiration for Eva. She's younger than I, you know. Twelve years younger. But she's the settled kind. There's no bobbed hair in my family. And Lucy's exactly like her mother. Gentle and quiet. We're pretty good people, aren't we?"

He hesitated, pressing a rumpled handkerchief to his temples.

"Bill, I'm not alone on this ship."

"You mean the Pauline girl?"

Mr. Stout grimly nodded. "I've known for a year and a half I'd break out somewhere, someway. Well, last Thursday, sitting at my own dinner table—everything quiet and orderly, everything perfect—I knew I couldn't stand it any longer.

"I told Eva that I was running up to Chicago, and might stretch the trip into a vacation. She was fine about it, of course. Urged me to go. Said I needed a rest and not to hurry back. I felt like a burglar, but I went."

He compressed his lips. "Just as I'm going now, Bill. Went straight out to put my head into the noose. I went in the day coach, because most of the Pullman men know me. The way I felt, the fever I was in, I didn't want to be recognized. The only seat I could find was with this girl. I made talk. She was alone. There was a young fellow came back from the smoker that she seemed to know, but no matter. She'd been out with a musical-comedy company that went broke. She was only able to get as far east as Chicago. I suggested supper. The train got in at eleven, you know.

"Anyhow, when we got off the train at Chicago, I ran bang into Dr. Will Stone and J. B. Redfield of Streator and some women with spectacles. It was the Christian Endeavor convention. They wanted to make me chairman. Simply wouldn't let me go. I managed to slip off, get rid of the girl, give her some money. Sent her to a hotel. Bill, she's a child. Naive. Begged me not to do so much for her. When I told her I was married, she only said, 'Most nice men are.'

"In the morning she called me up, and we met on a corner. I sent her to New York on the Twentieth Century, and took the Pennsylvania Limited myself. Lucky I did that."

"Why?"

"There was a committee of the Midland Bankers on the Century, going down to the bankers' dinner in New York. A. F. Wiggin and John Williams and that crowd. I met them in the hotel lobby, and they drew me into that dinner and the meetings after it. I didn't see Pauline at all. Just telephoned.

"We met here on the ship just before I saw you yesterday. We haven't been together at all. But that isn't my fault. I'm guilty enough, God knows, at heart. There you are, Bill. I've spilled the beans. It'll all come out, of course. Probably Eva will divorce me. I sent a lying telegram from Chicago—that I was off for two months' fishing in northern Canada. She must have wondered. I didn't give her any address."

Miltoun slowly nodded. "There's an old saying, Ben, that at fifty a man needs a new business, a new mistress, or a new religion. You'll swing back."

"But Eva—" With which Ben rushed out on deck.

"BEN," Miltoun said, the last evening out, "a little complication has come up. Elsie is bent on taking Pauline around Brittany with us."

Mr. Stout's jaw sagged.

"It's only for a week. We'll be in Paris by next Saturday."

Painfully Mr. Stout composed a note begging the girl to get away from her friends by Saturday surely, and secure a room at the Europe Hotel in Paris.

She was going to dance at the ship's concert that night. Cautiously he made his way to the neighborhood of the great saloon. Through a window he looked on. Finally she appeared. That blond fellow was with her. What was his name? Tom Diamond. The performance was so expert that it could spell only long practice. Skillfully the fellow flung her around, then lifted her by waist and thigh into an aerial posture. In his heart Stout suddenly knew why men do murder.

He caught Bill for a moment the next

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TWO TRICKS IN HEARTS
Continued from Page Thirteen]

morning, during the customs examination, to ask huskily: "What hotel are you going to in Paris?"

"Why, I don't know."

"Keep away from the Europe," said Stout. And then he saw them drive off in a motor, a gay little party. After that for a week, a lone, stout little man, he wandered to and fro in Paris.

And all that week Tom Diamond moved restlessly around the Europe Hotel, smoking innumerable cigarettes. At times he talked earnestly to a fat man who smoked cigars with the bands on and wore spats and a pearl-gray hat. Mr. Stout watched him narrowly.

He was up with the dawn on Saturday, dressing with care in his gray suit.

After breakfast he stood near the desk, watching the entrance. The Diamond fellow was there, smoking and fidgeting, and at times buzzing around that fat man.

She came. A page carried her bags. She stepped into the lift and was whirled away before he could rush to her side. He turned to the desk and noted the room number opposite her signature, then turned to the lift. She was on his floor—not far away. Four thirteen. He was in four twenty-nine!

Diamond and the fat man appeared at the entrance and hurried to the desk. The lift appeared, but so did they. Right on his heels! He turned aside, fumbling at his pockets as if he had forgotten something; wandered off to a corner of the lounge. The lift went up, with them but without him.

A WOMAN crossed the lobby. Youngish, graceful, in a short skirt and a close-fitting round hat. Her ankles were slim. He caught a glimpse of shingled hair beneath the trim little hat. A Parisian. But her walk—he stared, then turned away piteously. His wife moved in just that graceful way and carried her hands like that. Memories stabbed him.

He went up to his room, closed the door, walked toward the telephone, but hesitated. After all, four thirteen was only a few steps away. He tiptoed to the door and slowly, softly turned the handle and drew the door forward an inch.

A sudden noise startled him. The door directly opposite was opening. Four twenty-eight. He peeped. It was the woman he had seen in the lobby—the woman who walked like Eva. She was coming out; but her skirt caught, and she turned back to free herself. Then he saw her face, and as softly as he had opened it closed the door.

It *was* Eva.

Slowly he locked the door and made his way to a chair. She had tracked him, of course. She must have suspected him all along.

A bell rang. He lifted the telephone.

"Oh, Daddy dear," cried a soft voice, "where on earth are you?"

"I can't see you just now."

"But where's your room?"

"Four twenty-nine."

"Why, you're right on this floor! How wonderful! I want to come in and see you. I've got so much to tell you."

"Not right now. Later. Wait."

He got up and stood motionless by the table. A long time. Just stood.

The sound of light footsteps startled him. They came nearer, stopped just outside the door. A key grated in a lock. The opposite door opened. Eva's door!

Firmly, quickly, he stepped out and pulled his door to behind him. Hers was closing. He stopped it with his hand. For a moment she pushed it against him; then gave way and looked around it. Their eyes met.

She paled, and with a hand against her breast leaned against a tall chair. He entered and slowly closed the door. Then faced her.

"Well, Ben," she said in a breathless little voice, "you've caught me!"

With an odd look of defiance, and a gesture that had a finality in it, she pulled off her snug little hat and tossed it on the bed. Her naturally blonde hair was clipped almost like a boy's. He couldn't remember when she'd looked so young.

"Well," she observed, "so the Canada trip was just a trap, Ben. I didn't dream you were watching me. As a matter of fact"—her voice deepened and hurried somewhat—"as a matter of fact, it was a perfectly harmless thing I started to do. I hadn't been in New York for eight years, Ben. I sent Lucy to visit the Parkers at Champaign, and slipped off to New York. I"—suddenly she threw out her hands—"oh, what's the use, Ben? The fact is, I simply couldn't stand it another day! Cardiff had got me. All the small-town stuff. Gossip. Pettiness.

"Well, I looked up Bess Riplan. I knew her in college. She has a decorating business of her own in New York. She's an independent woman. I went out with her; oh, dinner and theaters and—well, dancing places. I bought modern clothes. I was a little—well, fat; so I began starving myself. It was fun. And I lost quite a little just that one week. And finally I had my hair cut. Bess was going abroad, and begged me to come along. Dared me, really. Well, here I am. Got in this noon. Bess went down to the Riviera to look at some tapestries."

His thoughts were darting this

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

"No!" He banged a firm hand on the table. She jumped a little.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

way and that, like a covey of frightened birds hunting cover. He cleared his throat.

"What would you say, Eva, if we—if I—straightened out a few little things and then we just start back home?"

She lowered her eyes and sat thinking.

Finally she said, gravely and quietly: "I'm afraid it isn't as simple as that, Ben. I don't know that I can just go back."

"But Lucy?" He said that brokenly.

"Lucy is eighteen, Ben. And she's the quiet, self-sufficient sort. She won't need much of anything from me any more. But I won't sneak. You'll have to know. There was a man on the steamer—he sat at our table. I danced a lot with him every night. He's a big, interesting man. He had to go to London. But he's arriving here at seven-thirty. I've promised to go out with him this evening—to the Folies Bergere. There's the story. You've suspected me and run after me all the way to Paris, and——"

He cried out in anguish: "I never suspected you! I haven't run after you! I was running after somebody else—a girl. I came in here to tell you. But when you——"

"We really don't seem to have a great deal to say to each other, after all, Ben."

"But, Eva, for God's sake——"

"You'd better go, Ben. It's clear that I've got to do some thinking on my own account."

"You're really going out with that man? To the—the Folies Bergere?"

"I really am," said she, with weary finality.

He went out.

A DOOR down the hall opened. Four thirteen. Pauline appeared, and rushed toward him, throwing her arms around his neck. In his confusion he had forgotten her lissome beauty.

"Oh, Daddy!" she cried. "I've had such a surprise! You remember that boy I danced with on the ship?" Her voice was excited and whispery. "Tom Diamond? Well, he's here! And so is Max Hirshfield, the big producer. He's got a wonderful sketch, Mr. Hirshfield has. Songs and everything. And he says that if Tom and I will buy the sketch he'll put us right into his big new revue in London. Then in the fall he's going to move the whole show to New York. I've never had a chance in New York."

Her tongue was running on in its intimate way. "You see, dear Daddy, you've been too wonderful to me. I couldn't let you go on just giving me things. I couldn't. But this would put me right on my feet. Isn't it wonderful? Tom and Mr. Hirshfield are down in Mr. Hirshfield's suite. Three fifty-two. Just downstairs. They want me to come right down and run over the sketch. But of course I told them I couldn't start anything without consulting my Daddy."

"Oh, you told them that? We'll go down there," he said, with something near a sigh. And hand in hand (he could hardly stop that small demonstration of feeling) they descended the stairs.

Diamond rushed effusively to greet them. Mr. Hirshfield, sitting fatly at a piano in a corner, merely shifted a banded cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other and said raucously, "How are you!"

Mr. Stout eyed him. It was the mysterious man of the pearl-gray hat.

"Shall we go right into it?" cried Diamond. Into it they promptly went.

Mr. Stout thought the sketch appallingly vulgar. But he sat it out. Impassive, with a mask of a face, he endured the suggestive duet the two sang, sitting on the imagined bed, cheek to cheek.

"Well, Mr. Stout, what do you think of it? Smart stuff, eh? Class." Tom Diamond speaking.

Mr. Stout rose. To Pauline he said, "We'll talk this over now.

"You want it, do you?" he asked, outside the door.

"Well—" Her underlip was quivering. She was lovely! A sensitive, impulsive little thing. "Of course, Daddy dear, I only thought it might make it really easier for you. I don't know much about these things, but I do know I simply couldn't bear to be always——"

"I don't care anything about that. I want to know how you like the sketch."

"Well, of course, dear, it's awfully clever, and it would put me across in a way that I might never——"

"It's yours," he said.

"Oh, my wonderful, wonderful Daddy!" She was hugging him again.

"But listen! You wait in your room while I fix this up. Understand, Diamond doesn't figure in this. I'm doing it for you. And, Pauline, when that's cleaned up, you just put on your prettiest clothes and we'll go out for dinner."

"Oh, Daddy!" She was springing up and down, clapping her hands.

Back in his own room, he drew a check on a Parisian-American bank. Hirshfield could have it certified if he chose. He started toward the door, then paused to reconsider. The fellow would be tricky. Pauline must be protected at every point. Perhaps he'd better have her along.

Returning to the telephone, he called for four thirteen. Almost instantly he heard a voice—the operator had put him in on a busy line:

"But, Tommie dear, you know I tell you everything. You mustn't say such things."

Her voice!

"But how long's this stuff with Old Man Stout going to keep up?"

"I tell you, he can't stay in London. He'll have to go back to his bank. Can't you see how lucky we are? Hasn't he given us this wonderful trip? If he hadn't turned up on that train, we'd be in Chicago, broke, trying to dig up a meal or two a day. I tell you, I can handle him. Tom, he doesn't know anything."

The instrument dropped from Ben's relaxing fingers back to its frame. He sank into a chair. "Old Man Stout." God! He dashed out of the door, along the corridor to four thirteen. He didn't stop to knock, but entered instantly. There she sat, still speaking. He heard:

"You know I'm crazy about you, Tom. You *know* that!"

Then, her frightened eyes questioning Ben's livid face, she got to her feet.

"Daddy, what is it? What's the matter?"

"So my money brought the two of you over here, eh? So you can handle me, eh?"

"Why, Daddy, I don't know what you mean!"

"Don't lie to me!"

He moved toward her.

"I heard it all, I tell you. I heard! The operator put me on your wire."

Her eyes sought his, only to flutter down again. But finally she lifted them.

"I never asked you to bring me over here. You rushed me so fast I didn't know what to do. After all, I'm only eighteen." She said this, not defensively, but with a curious clear honesty. "You could just drop me here in Paris, I suppose. But it doesn't seem quite fair. I don't know what would become of me."

"You have my word," he said. "I'll keep it." He became aware of the check crumpled in his hand, and tossed it on the bed. "There's the money for Hirshfield. I'll give you enough more to take you to London." He had seated himself by the table and was writing out a second check.

"There," he said. "That should take care of you."

"You're being kinder than I have any right to—" There were tears in her eyes.

He stopped her with a brusquely lifted hand. They had nothing to talk about. He'd simply been a man in a fever.

"Good-by," he said abruptly, and went.

His door stood wide open. He must have left it that way. He felt utterly spent. Better lie down a while, until that pounding sensation should ease off.

Vaguely he heard a step. Then a tapping. "Come in," he called huskily. Probably a maid.

BUT it was Eva.

"Won't you sit down?"

"Well—" She selected a straight little chair.

"Ben, do you suppose there's a little sense left in us anywhere?"

He didn't reply, but she saw that his face was working.

"I'm going home, Ben. Lucy needs me. I've been pretty selfish. But I simply seemed to—I thought I'd try to ask you—the rather awful way we left things—I want to know how we stand." Her voice was unsteady, but she went through with it. "It's pretty messy, but if you're not so entangled that you——"

He spoke right at her, honestly:

"Eva, I've been more kinds of a fool than you'll ever know. I've been untrue to you in thought, God knows, but not in act. Understand, I deserve no credit. It's only that that's how it happens to stand. And now I'm clear. If you're willing to go back with me, I say, let's take the first ship we can."

"Oh, Ben, if we could only take a month or two, so my hair could begin to grow out. Though of course they have wigs for this sort of——"

"No!" He banged a firm hand on the table.

She jumped a little. "Why, Ben!"

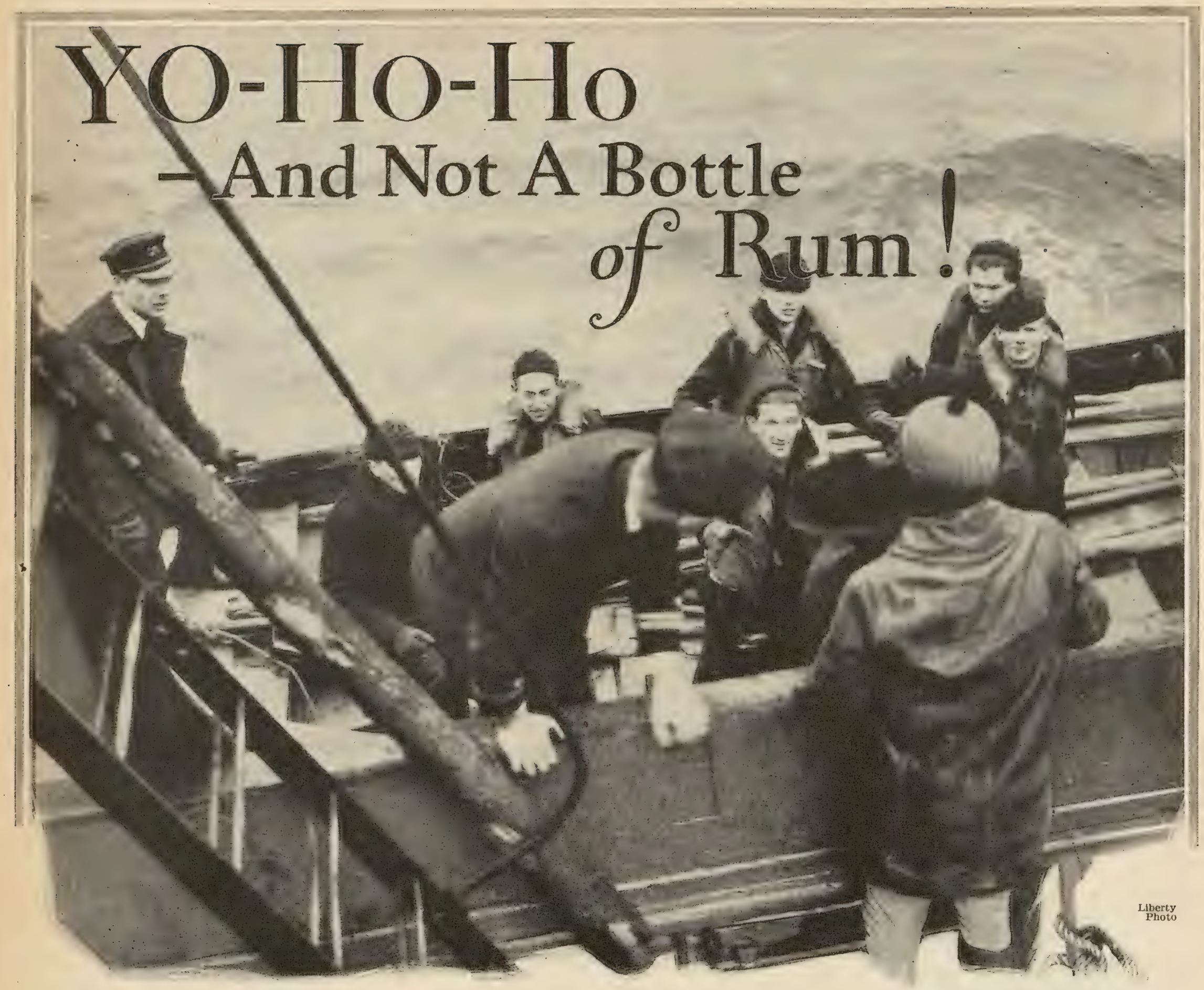
"It makes you young again, Eva. You're lovely. A lovely, stirring woman. I'm crazy about you! I never felt like this. Please keep it shingled, and sta' slim. And I'll take dancing lessons."

"Why—Ben!" she murmured again.

Then she was crying, and he had her in his arms.

THE END

YO-HO-Ho —And Not A Bottle *of* Rum!



Liberty Photo

Boarding party from the U. S. Coast Guard cutter Seneca.

An Article by

Seamus Dillon

The Coast Guard Cruised on the Bounding Main, To Haul in a Rummer—But Cruised in Vain. We Tried to Look On—Got Drenched to the Skin; And in Triumph the Coast Guard Pulled US In!

WE put to sea to observe, as interested bystanders, the stirring contest of wits and bullets between Rum Row and the Coast Guard Service.

Cap'n Alexander A. Tanos, late of the Bahama-Florida trade and still later of the Coast Guard Service, had assured us that we required but a little time and a seaworthy ship to behold the phenomenon.

The Cap'n's contention was that the spectacle, if properly reported, would arouse the land. It appeared that the Cap'n ought to know, having been aroused by it himself.

Cap'n Truitt, owner's agent of the steam trawler Kingfisher, said his craft was clean, reliable, and dependable, especially clean. So, led by Cap'n Tanos, we boarded the Kingfisher.

"Y'understand," said Cap'n Truitt, "that the Kingfisher's clear. No funny business. Clean. I don't want any trouble with the bulls, and as for bootleggin', that's out. Nothin' in it. Just trouble. Nice clean trip out to look over the boys and back again, and nobody gets tough. The Kingfisher's got a clean name and——"

We were still lashed to the dock. It was two in the morning and there have been calmer, kinder mornings. Cap'n Truitt was about to give additional oral assurances that the Kingfisher was a clean trawler when out of the harbor gloom blurted a New York Harbor Police tug, Manhattan, looking for work.

"Hello, Truitt," hailed a voice from the bridge; "whaddeya got on board tonight?"

"Ye see," said Cap'n Truitt, smiling weakly, "those guys all know me."

A squad of harbor police came over our rail. Cap'n Truitt was mildly affable but the policemen were not sociable. They ripped up a hatch forward, uncovering a large cargo of soft coal.

"What's all that?" demanded the Sergeant.

The Cap'n peered earnestly and pronounced it coal. "Fifty ton," he said.

"Where t'hell ya goin'? Europe? The stuff's under the coal!" bellowed the Sergeant. "Git a slice bar, somebody!"

A giant began spearing the coal with the slice bar. After driving the iron deep into the bunkers he smelled it for the taint of alcohol.

"Nope," he said. "No broken bottles. Same old gag, maybe. Got the stuff down there under canvas."

"Shift the coal!" roared the Sergeant. "Nobody gets away with raw work like this."

"Who's going to shift it back again when you don't find no hooch?" asked Cap'n Truitt innocently.

"Not me," said the giant with the slice bar. "Personally, I don't think there's nothin' down there."

"There," said Cap'n Truitt when the Manhattan had chugged off. "That shows a guy it pays to be clean. All the coppers knows the Kingfisher's clean. But they gotta be suspicious. All nice boys. Now that everybody's satisfied we're clean, let's go."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

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Always Consider what you get for the price you pay!

Not only, "What will the car cost?" . . .

But, "What will I get for my money?" . . .

This is the question of great importance!

It is, for several reasons, especially applicable in buying a car in the low-price field. And it is one of the reasons why Chevrolet has become the world's largest builder of gear-shift automobiles.

In Chevrolet, you get more for little money than in any other car built.

Chevrolet's dry-plate disc-clutch and modern three-speed transmission, with its heavy steel gears, afford gear-shifting of remarkable ease—and the application of abundant power in any of the three forward speeds or reverse.

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Chevrolet's many other modern, quality-features provide you with a car built sturdily, affording every modern convenience and comfort—quality features that you would look for only on cars of much higher price.

And this year, Chevrolet is breaking all records of the past because it not only possesses vital improvements that bring about a remarkable performance, but in addition, *every passenger car model is offered at a new low price.*

Take a ride in this Improved Chevrolet! You will find it an absolute revelation—not only for smoothness, snap and power—not only for flexibility and riding comfort—but also for the easy-driving, effortless-control, made possible by its modern design.

See your nearest Chevrolet dealer! Ask for a demonstration.

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Roadster	$510
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The Model—A *cold-water* percolator, scientifically designed for perfect coffee-making; eliminating the danger of boiling—and spoiling—the brew.

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The Price—Only $4.75. Just 47½ cents per year for the first ten years—nothing per year afterward—that is all you pay for the joy of owning this superb percolator.

A GIFT for the Bride! This queenly Percolator of Mirro Aluminum is a gift of gifts. Yet it is no more finely wrought of hard, thick metal—for longest life and truest economy—than are hundreds of other Mirro articles for the everyday work of every kitchen. Give Mirro. And give *yourself* Mirro. Why miss such joy of ownership?

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

And the nice clean Kingfisher was on her way to Rum Row.

At daybreak, thirty miles out from Ambrose Lightship, we sighted the Eastwood, a besotted schooner out of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. Beyond her rose and fell a Coast Guard cutter which had the general appearance of an ocean-going yacht. Astern of the Eastwood wallowed a seventy-five-foot patrol boat, the C. G. 204. A half mile to the north we saw another seventy-five-footer, which later proved the C. G. 117. In the foreground a presumably fast power boat flipped like a chip on the heavy sea.

We had arrived on the scene of our adventure, and Cap'n Tanos began to describe its more fascinating features.

"THE revenue cutter is watching the seventy-five-footers," he said. "The seventy-five-footers are watching the rum runner, and the small motor boat is watching the whole works. If the revenue cutter steams off, the rummies on the motor boat will try to make a deal with the crews of the seventy-fives."

"That's fine!" we said. "Let's stick around."

The Cap'n examined the position of the cutter critically. "Seems to be at anchor." He leveled his binoculars, lowered them, and passed a reflective finger through his beard. "Damn!" he said softly. "It's the Seneca!"

While we hate to delay the action of this piece—the part that deals with the stirring contest of wits and bullets—something of the Captain's history is necessary to a proper interpretation of his last remark.

Master in sail, master in steam, with a ticket that entitled him to command a ship on all the seven seas, the Cap'n had been—until a short while before he entered the government service—the owner and skipper of the passenger-carrying steamer Yankton, which had plied serenely and profitably between the rum-purveying port of Nassau and the rum-consuming hospice of Miami.

But the bottom dropped from the Cap'n's financial barometer when, in an incautious moment, he entered business relations (entirely legitimate) with a rum-running syndicate. For skullduggery was afoot, and the Yankton eventually went off to join the bootleg trade, manned by an outlaw crew.

To requite his wrongs the Cap'n sought and obtained a commission as ensign in the Coast Guard from President Coolidge. Was not the Coast Guard the rum runners' implacable enemy? And didn't the Coast Guard need good men? And where was a better one than Cap'n Alexander A. Tanos, whose imposing array of master's papers was supplemented by miscellaneous pilot's licenses, good all up and down the Atlantic coast, and in other waters too numerous to mention?

Along toward the end of his adventures the Cap'n found himself aboard the Seneca, whose skipper was (and is) Lieutenant-Commander Eugene Blake. Also aboard the cutter was a coterie of young officers whom the Cap'n came cordially to dislike. Their seamanship, he concluded, made it impossible for them to converse intelligently with a seasoned salt.

Thus cut off from human companionship, the Cap'n turned for solace to the piano—for the Cap'n was (and is) an accomplished musician. But Commander Blake, lacking an esthetic sense, told him to pipe down. Left without much to do, Tanos then began to examine his surroundings.

Well versed in the law of the sea by his experiences on the Yankton, he soon found much that was amiss. These circumstances he brought, of course, to Commander Blake's attention, with the thought that the Commander would like to know of them. On the contrary, Commander Blake told Ensign Tanos to mind his own business.

Liberty Photo

Four-masted rum runner Eastwood, with the U. S. C. G. 117 in foreground.

Ensign Tanos thereupon uttered several charges, including the spectacular but informal allegation that his superior officer was a martinet with a blind side as broad as a barn door.

While the excitement was at its height, Washington intervened. This afforded Tanos an unexpected opportunity to retire in good order by resigning his commission.

The Cap'n had been magnanimous enough to make no allusion to his triumphs aboard the Seneca, as he had described to us in general terms the debacle of law and order twenty-five miles out. After all, what difference did it make? His quarrel with Blake was his concern.

Did the Coast Guard permit liquor to flood our shores? That was the point at issue. And the Cap'n's position was entirely clear. Rum bathed the Atlantic seaboard, said he, as freely as the tides, and, being equipped faithfully to report whatever might happen, it remained only to put the Cap'n's conclusions to a test.

AND that was what we aboard the Kingfisher were there to do, when Cap'n Tanos lowered his binoculars and said, "Damn! It's the Seneca!"

He faced half about, as if he intended to give the man at the wheel of the Kingfisher an order. But already one of the seventy-five-footers had left off chasing its tail about the rum schooner and was putting off in our direction. So, come what might, Cap'n Tanos gave the order that sent the Kingfisher to meet her.

Everybody seemed to be glad to see us. After hanging around the same old rummy for a week or two one begins to long for a change. Particularly aboard the Seneca were there manifestations of enthusiasm. We could make out officers who were gesticulating authoritatively. Through the binoculars we could see lusty gobs spitting on their hands and otherwise preparing for action.

In little more than no time one of the Seneca's small boats was alongside us. The ruffians at the lee rail of the rum ship Eastwood took a drink.

"Heave to, you," said one of the lads in the boat. "We're boarding."

Our engines ceased laboring for a moment, then reversed. "Heave to," came from the cutter, which with the C. G. 117 had come within hailing distance. "We're boarding. Understand?"

"Yeah," from the small boat. "Heave to. What the hell you think we're tryin' to do? Play tag?"

Ensign Foley from the Seneca boarded us first. He asked a number of nautical questions, which Cap'n Tanos answered with precision. Meanwhile Warrant Officer M. J. Bruce searched us for signs of evil intent, but the Kingfisher was clean. We, for whose benefit the Kingfisher had put to sea, explained that we had come to see and photograph life on Rum Row.

"Please give our respects to Commander Blake." It was Cap'n Tanos speaking. "And ask him if he cares to give us the sea address of a few more rum ships. We've seen the Eastwood and are not impressed."

Mr. Foley wigwagged to the Seneca. Was it an optical illusion, or did the revenue cutter's bulk actually swell with the rage of its commander? Certainly, after reading the replies from the cutter, Mr. Foley gave Cap'n Tanos a dirty look. It seems that they, too, had met before.

PRESENTLY he and his men departed and a heavy voice from one of the seventy-five-footers informed us:

"Commander Blake is finished with you. You can go now. But no funny moves. Remember we're watching you, so don't try to communicate with the Eastwood."

We waved a cheerful farewell to the villains at the Eastwood's rail, who promptly took another drink, and we were off in a generally northerly direction.

All that night and all the next day we cruised.

"The visibility is very low," Cap'n Tanos remarked. "There are probably rum ships hereabouts, but we can't see them. So I think we'd better run down the Sound, and out through New York Harbor to the New Jersey coast. We'll get there tomorrow morning, and the weather may be clearer."

On the face of it the idea was sound. Indeed, our loneliness had become oppressive, when, as dusk closed in, the wind suddenly bore the voice of a deckhand from the stern:

"Ship off the port quarter!"

"A ship!" the Cap'n repeated. "It may be a rum ship."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

It was not. It was the C. G. 3, one of the obsolete destroyers purchased by the Coast Guard from the navy to give battle to the popular demon. Soon, in the fog, appeared also the C. G. 2. Both craft seemed to have been looking for something that had been hard to find. At the Kingfisher's appearance, they gave every evidence of pleasure, veered from their respective courses, and took positions astern. Their speed was tempered to our own.

We rounded Montauk Point rather neatly, but saw no rum carriers. The C. G. 3 followed us into the Sound and then went off to New London, surrendering us to the C. G. 2. It was dark and the weather was thick. We were of the opinion that the wisest thing to do would be to pay no attention to the C. G. 2. It stood to reason that if every passing craft insisted upon searching us we'd never get anywhere. Besides, we had seen but one rummy, the Eastwood.

BUT the whistle of the C. G. 2 began to complain. We stopped.

"I think," said Cap'n Tanos, "Blake's been using his wireless."

The old destroyer had two searchlights, one larger and somewhat higher than the other, giving her a wall-eyed expression. One she played upon herself, particularly that part of herself which bore her appellation. The other she trained upon us with such power as to give us a feeling of nakedness.

Then she speared the billowing Sound with her smaller ray, revealing the fact that she had lowered a boat containing two officers and a crew. The crew consisted of one somewhat disgusted seaman whose job it was to pull for the Kingfisher.

One of his officers was sitting on the bottom of the boat bellowing orders to the crew, who was shaking his head and pulling like a derrick. The other officer was huddled aft with his knees drawn up to his chin and both his arms around himself in what seemed a rapturous hug. He, too, was issuing orders to the badgered crew.

Both officers had very definite opinions of what should be done. So had the crew. Obviously, his idea of the proper thing was to row with both oars until he hit the Kingfisher. Observing that he seemed to be thriving under the orders from the two officers, we issued a few, and it was noticeable that everybody had a different plan.

"Stand by and take a line," shrilled one of the ensigns in the small boat.

When the end of the line hit us, we made it fast as the ensign in the stern directed; but this piece of seamanship had the effect of turning the dory broadside toward the sea, and causing the crew to swear harder than ever.

"Lower a ship's ladder!" cried one of the ensigns.

"We haven't any," we replied.

The two ensigns were a unit at last. Together they swore with such vehemence as to revive their wilted crew. He listened for a moment and then joined them.

Meanwhile the C. G. 2 had done a bit of drifting of her own. She was now about three-quarters of a mile astern of us. The oarsman was straining his eyes through the light toward the old destroyer's lights.

"What are you going to do?" bellowed Cap'n Tanos.

"None of your business," replied the ensign aft. "Throw off that line; we're going back."

"Bet the crew's glad to hear that," we said.

"Shut up," said the crew.

"We're going to New York," said Cap'n Tanos. "Follow along if you want to."

"Listen," shouted the ensign forward, "we'll do that without you telling us."

And off they went. The last we heard of them came from the struggling crew. He was cursing the Mexican government.

At two o'clock in the morning, a terrific hooting astern fetched us to another shuddering halt. The Coast Guard cutter Manhattan, Lieutenant Buskin commanding, had captured us. By this time the Cap'n and his first mate were developing the fidgets. A sailor can stand just so many boardings and no more.

"This," complained the mate, "is getting to be a damned nuisance. When will we get to Jersey?"

There was no nonsense about the Manhattan. It drew alongside and Lieutenant Buskin landed on the Kingfisher's deck with a reverberating thump.

"Say," he bellowed in a hatch-rattling basso, "what th' hell you trying to do? Make a damn fool out of the Coast Guard?

"Hey, you—" speaking more particularly to Cap'n Tanos—"answer me! What th' hell you tryin' to do? Make a damn fool out of the Coast Guard?"

"Nope," said the Cap'n. "What's the use? There's too many at it now."

"Search the boat," roared Lieutenant Buskin. "Search everything. What you tryin' to do, anyway? Show up the Coast Guard? Hey?" He didn't wait for an answer.

"Lissen," he bawled, "I got orders. You're all under arrest, see. I'm goin' to put a prize crew aboard, see. Who's in charge here? You?" He turned toward Cap'n Tanos.

"I'm pilot," said the Cap'n.

"Pilot, hey? That's a good one. All right, if you're pilot, let's see two copies of your pilot regulations. Come on, two copies. We'll see about that."

WE looked high and low, but located only one copy of the pilot regulations. Lieutenant Buskin withered us with scorn.

"So that's it, is it?" he trumpeted. "So that's it! No two copies of the pilot regulations, hey? Well, well, well! Now I got to take you in. That'll cost you just five hundred bucks. Navigation laws violated. Where's that prize crew? And say, Streickert," this to his warrant officer, "tell the Manhattan to train the one-pounder on this trawler. See? And, Streickert, each member of the prize crew gets a rifle and ammunition. This mob's under arrest. You're in command, Streickert, and remember nobody makes a false move. We'll take 'em into Clifton."

He turned to depart.

"Lissen, you!" he roared at us. "Don't forget that the one-pounder's on you every minute. We'll see if anyone can make a damn fool of the Coast Guard!"

Liberty Photo

Captain Alexander A. Tanos.

AT Clifton, Staten Island, we were boarded at the dock by Lieutenant J. F. Kinally, executive officer of the Coast Guard base. Lieutenant Buskin followed him. A prodigious individual in civilian clothes followed Buskin, and a rotund patrolman brought up the rear.

"Tanos!" shouted Lieutenant Kinally.

"Tanos!" shouted Lieutenant Buskin.

"Tanos!" roared Cap'n Tanos himself louder than either of them.

The man in civilian clothes stepped forward.

"You Cap'n Tanos?"

"Yes."

"You're under arrest."

"Where have I heard them words before?" groaned the mate.

"D'ye mean me or the whole outfit?" asked the Cap'n.

"You. Read this."

He thrust a paper into the Cap'n's hands. It was a warrant. Cap'n Tanos was charged with failing to pay a Staten Island garage proprietor eleven dollars for the use of a motor car while impersonating his superior officer, Lieutenant-Commander Blake.

"What's that got to do with violation of the Maritime Laws?" demanded the Cap'n.

"Lissen," said Lieutenant Kinally, "any questions you got you can tell the Judge. You're under arrest, like this gentleman here says."

"I won't go," said the Cap'n.

"Fine," said Lieutenant Kinally. "Now lissen here: You'll go along quietly or you'll be taken. And I'll help take you." He hitched at his sleeves. "And I ain't goin' to waste no bonbons coaxing you, either,"

It was a somewhat ignoble climax.

Cap'n Tanos went along quietly, muttering into his splendid whiskers.

The five-thousand-dollar libel against the Kingfisher (the one threatened by Lieutenant Buskin) did not materialize.

The case against Cap'n Tanos collapsed in court the following day. No one had seemed to know what it was all about, not even the garage proprietor.

But, of course, we never got to the Jersey coast.

And that's about all, except that a week later the Eastwood arrived home in Lunenburg, and her skipper, Cap'n John Spindler, made bitter complaint.

"Here we're layin' in the Atlantic Ocean," he said, "harmin' nobody, when the Seneca's skipper decides the boys need a little target practice. So he sets up a target off my port bow. It's a good big target that you couldn't miss with a ca'-pistol unless, maybe, you ain't used to firearms.

"The Seneca opens up with a one-pounder and misses the target habitually. Once in a while they hit the ocean, but not always. Generally they hit the Eastwood. Now, I'm not a hand at complainin', but with all that ocean it seems to me there ought to be some place just as good for their target. Not that I'm complainin'."

When Cap'n Tanos heard the story, he smiled into his whiskers.

"You see!" he said.

THE END

A Brand New HOTEL SHERMAN
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TODAY THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK

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Finley Peter Dunne
[Author of "Mr. Dooley"]

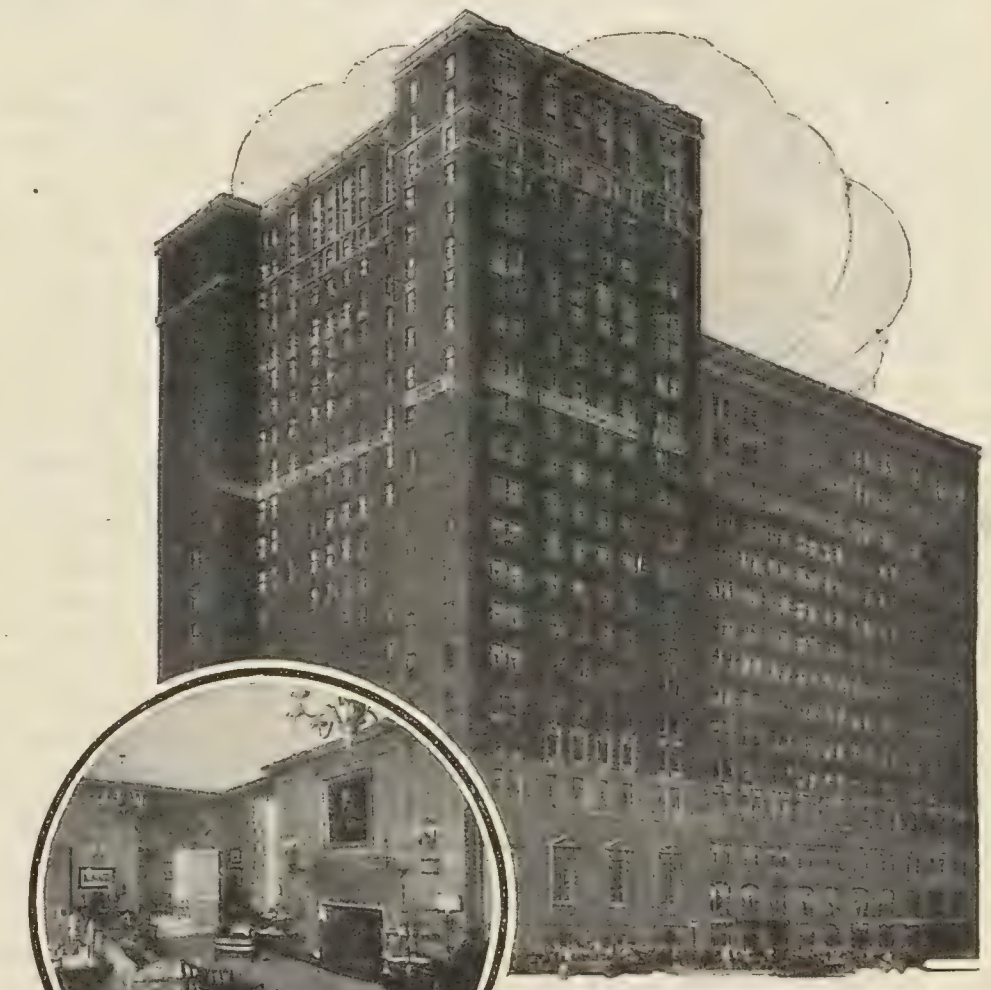
WHAT, a Sherman House twenty [or is it eighty?] stories high, sheltering Bal Tabarins, College Inns, string orchestras and saxophone bands, with so many bathtubs that bathing, instead of being the high adventure that once it was, has become almost compulsory! I don't believe it.

The bearded graziers who frequented the old hotel would have looked with suspicion on these luxuries; and if a valet had entered their rooms, he would have been shot for a burglar. With all its splendor, the new hotel misses one distinction which the old one enjoyed—it is not within one minute's walk of Tom Moran's, for Tom Moran is gone and other grandeurs that were Rome. But this is a loss which the present meek and over-ridden generation cannot feel.

Another distinction of the Sherman House of the Pearce era was that it was the home of Long John Wentworth, a statesman of much power in his time, who was [or seemed] ten feet high and weighed a short ton. There were giants in those days!

But a really good hotel, such as the New Hotel Sherman, is a compensation and more for most deprivations and will always be the chief ornament of any city.

Finley Peter Dunne



Interior of Living Room—"House on the Roof"

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Under all ordinary Circumstances

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Among the significant features of the NEW HOTEL SHERMAN are plenty of high speed elevators, an entrance giving direct and unobstructed access to lifts and desks, a floor with extra long beds for tall guests, a floor exclusively for women, a housekeeper on every floor, a unique club valet service and many others.

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The NEW HOTEL SHERMAN is the home of Chicago's four best-liked restaurants. *The Old Town Coffee Room*, with Tony Sarg's famous painting of Chicago in 1852, serves HOTEL SHERMAN food at coffee shop prices. *The College Inn*, known internationally for its cuisine and patronage by notables, features Maurie Sherman's dance orchestra and the latest cabaret numbers. *The Bal Tabarin*, the world's most beautiful supper club, is the rendezvous for the smart set on Saturday nights. *The Celtic Restaurant* has the comfortable appointments and alert service business men like.

The NEW HOTEL SHERMAN with a Grand Banquet Hall seating 2,000, a huge exposition hall, and an enlarged mezzanine floor offers convention and exposition facilities not found in any other Chicago hotel—more than one and one-half acres of exhibition floor space in the heart of the loop

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Private Dining Rooms for meetings of any kind

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Beauty's Progress

A Fascinating Woman Learns the Dangers of Experimenting with Life and Love

A Serial by

Kathleen Norris

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THE frail, gauzy creation that a Paris designer had made Emilie was thrown away on Elliot.

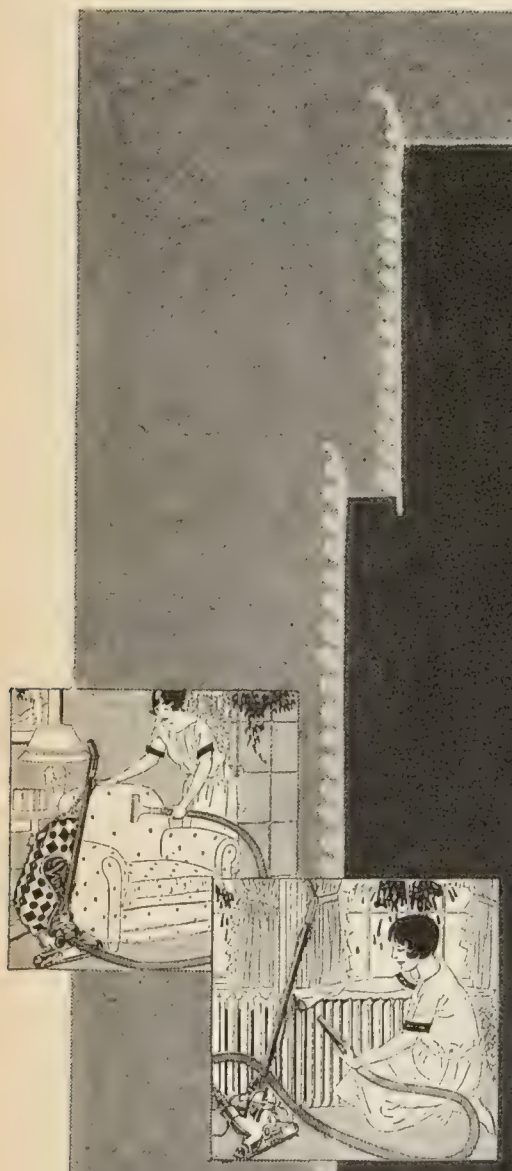
EMILIE SANDERSON wondered if it was in such a mood as hers that women killed themselves. Beautiful, popular, twenty-eight years old, she must leave the charming Long Island house her husband had taken for a single summer season. She must go back with him to Pendleton, Illinois—for life.

Quiet, home-loving Breck Sanderson owned a factory in that smoky, dull mill town. He loved it. Their boy, little Jim, admired the big looms and jennies. But Emilie loathed everything about the place.

She had had a few months in Paris—had developed her flair for clothes. Even as a girl, teaching music at fifty cents an hour, she had recognized her own social gifts. Now, at Blue Rock, Long Island, she had become the fashion. Heady wine! Jack Duval was at her feet—that fascinating sportsman and gambler whose rich wife supported him.

September was drawing near—and Pendleton! Isabel Sawyer, fashionable Mrs. Lefanu's social secretary, came to ask if the rented house would be free the following summer. Mrs. Lefanu wanted it for her bachelor brother, Elliot Ferrill.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]



heavy cleaning can be light

HEAVY cleaning is cleaning that gets *all* the dirt from *everywhere!* From rug and couch—radiator and molding—bookcase and stairway.

The Premier Duplex does heavy cleaning *—swiftly and easily.* Its double action performs double work at the same moment. The motor-driven brush snatches up resisting threads, and dislodges stubborn grit. And then—strong suction captures and *bags all.*

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

And so Emilie met Elliot and deliberately captivated him. Breck Sanderson, hard-working Breck, who hated society, she divorced, and married multimillions.

But Elliot, no longer young, was spoiled and dull. The Ferrills traveled constantly, with vague plans of building a home that would "knock people's eyes out." Elliot thought motherhood would mar his wife's beauty. Her days were filled with food, frocks, cars, bridge, golf, a yacht.

From the bottomless depths of her boredom Emilie was frightened—frightened by her soul's starvation.

Chapter Two

"THAT ought to knock their eyes out!" Elliot Ferrill said.

Emilie narrowed her eyes and took it all in—arched Norman windows, ivy, flagged terraces sturdily balustraded in stone, trees, roses, beach, and Sound, all in place. Emilie, moving her gaze from the stately doorway to the spreading roof beneath the elms, the hint of housekeeping regions beyond the wall, the suggestion of garages and outhouses all exquisitely in keeping, frowned faintly and said, between an annoyed laugh and a martyred sigh:

"Elliot dearest, do use some other expression just *once!*"

"Lord, you certainly are in a sweet mood today!" Elliot said, without heat.

She had not been able, in the fatigue and disappointment of the moment, to refrain from annoying him, but she knew how to win him back. If this long-awaited moment of arrival at the new house had failed her utterly, at least he need not know it. Emilie said:

"Who in the whole wide world would be able to stage this but you, Elliot! It's like a gorgeous dream. To have arrived on the steamer only two days ago, and to have in one's mind that memory of the place as we saw it last—all barrels and plaster—and then to see it today! It's positively the most gorgeous place I ever saw! It's far and away the handsomest in Blue Rock."

"Or on Long Island. There are bigger places," Elliot conceded, mollified, "but there isn't another as complete."

Complete. That was the word for it. The architects, gardeners, designers, interior decorators, upholsterers, and furniture men, the household staff, had done their work only too well. Everything Emilie had sent home from Europe in her six years of treasure hunting had been uncrated, placed effectively.

The splendid rooms were indeed like a dream palace. Every window gave a vista of the silky sea, flowing, receding, in the clear twilight. They had chosen the name from a dozen submitted by the woman who had done the chief decorating: "Fair Hills." They would be the Ferrills of Fair Hills. It was simple, very English, Emilie said, deciding for it—it sounded as if they might have been Fairhills themselves two or three hundred years ago.

She had not liked having an army of decorators and furniture men in her home. Surely, surely the mistress of the house was the one who decided color schemes, experimented with davenports and chairs, she had said. But Elliot had laughed at her.

"Putter over a house whose masters' rooms number two score?" he had remonstrated. "Why, it would take you ten years!"

Well, now it was done. The whole magnificent estate of Fair

Hills was ready for inspection, ready for entertaining. There was to be a November ball, a formal housewarming, and meanwhile Emilie said that she couldn't wait to show off her new toy.

"Imagine dinners in this delicious room!" she said, in the big paneled dining-room. And: "Imagine heavenly little breakfasts in this adorable place!" she said of the morning room.

She followed her husband about sympathetically, exclaiming and admiring, until noiseless butlers had touched noiseless switches everywhere and skillfully dispersed lamps were all in bloom. Then, agreeing that, after all, they couldn't see all of Fair Hills' marvels at once, they parted to dress for their first dinner—though the frail gauzy creation that a Paris designer had made Emilie was thrown away on Elliot.

BUT Emilie, drooping with weariness, delayed the ordeal of dressing as long as possible. She flung off a few outer garments, and lay down, for a time, upon the piled embroidered cushions that heaped a teakwood bed wide enough for ten Emilies.

She still felt under her the motion of the ship; the gentle swelling and breathing of its enormous organism. Disappointing trip. There had been interesting persons on board, but the Ferrills had not chanced to meet them. She had had fresh clothes from Paris, of course; she had been watched as she walked about the deck or entered the dining salon. And what of it?

What of it? She was not happy. She was not satisfied.

She told herself—it was not a recent discovery—that the fault lay with Elliot.

Elliot, for all his money and his dressing and his grooming and his travel, was an extremely boring man.

NO matter how interesting the persons she met, no matter how wonderful the opportunities that came her way, Elliot spoiled them all.

He believed, indeed he asserted frequently, that money could buy anything. And consequently they moved in the circles of the extremely rich and went without such things as money could not buy.

When Emilie became interested in a scientist, an artist, a playwright, Elliot lumbered after her, brought the talk back to food and golf and clothes again and ruined it.

Their winter in Washington had proved to be exactly like their winters everywhere else—dinners, golf, everyone admiring Emilie's clothes. She had listened to the women's ecstasies: "Oh, exquisite! Oh, delicious! Oh, Mrs. Ferrill, how you can wear Aucassin's things! That would be simply a rag on anyone else." Everyone coming to the Ferrills' house to eat their dinners and drink their champagne. Nothing real.

Now the world would begin to stream to Fair Hills.

Emilie, lying flat on her bed in the early autumn evening, with all the fabulous beauty of the gorgeous new house spread about her, felt an actual nausea of the spirit as she reflected upon the months to come.

Not one real friend, not one real personality among them all. Just chatter, champagne, frocks; just talk of drives and putting greens and women squabbling over bridge scores. And Elliot spoiling everything.

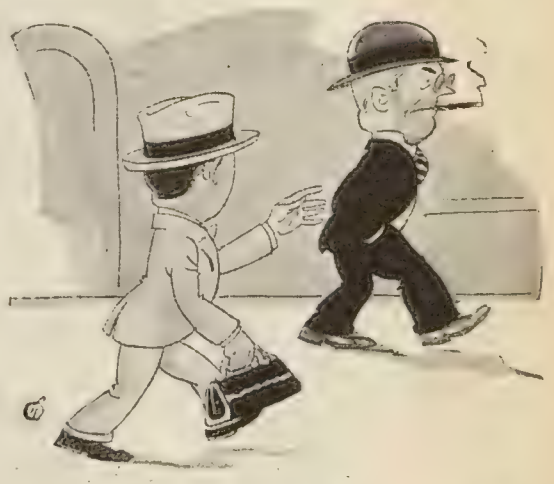
There had been no disagreements, no scene between Elliot and Emilie. Simply, subtly, in the last year—the last eighteen months—the whole thing had died. Elliot had kissed her now and then, in public, with as much feeling—she knew—as he might have kissed the plaster of the wall. In private there had been no more kisses of any sort.

As she slowly dressed, under Firkin's skillful hands, Emilie thought of Breck and little Jim and all the old Pendleton group, and formed the phrase mentally: "If I had it to do again—I wonder if I would do it?"

The prospect of even one evening alone with Elliot was un-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Tough Customers



—I like 'em!

I like 'em hard to sell. Any grip-toter who has criss-crossed this U. S. A. and points Mex. for as many years as I have, comes to the bat with unholy joy when he meets a tough customer.

As for me, I'm selling Mennen "Shaving Service," and I know I've got something.

Now you take Mennen Shaving Cream—there's a product that has won over more tough customers than any he-man product I know of.

You see this Dermutation—beard-softening process—is really scientific. It gets results right away. A tiny little cream builds a magnificent, firm, creamy lather that makes each stiff and horny hair wholly soft and pliable.

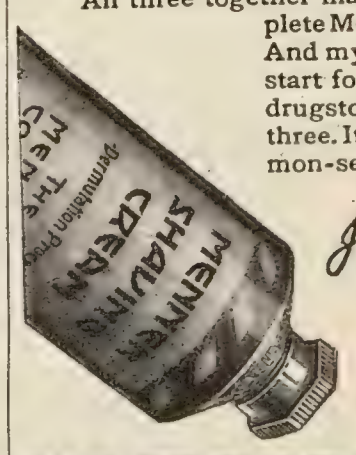
The razor goes through without a tweak and when you wipe off your face, you've got a shave that's a *shave*.

Also Mennen Skin Balm. That's newer, but let a man once try it and he's sold. It's a balm, you know—comes in tubes—not a liquid. A tiny bit on your finger tips, rubbed gently on after a shave—and *boy!* First there's a little astringent *bite*, then a spicy, cool freshness spreading all over your cheeks and down towards your Adam's apple. In half a minute, it's all absorbed—and you've got a sparkling, toned-up feeling that's unique in your experience.

Then there's Mennen Talcum for Men. That's service. Made to match the color of man's skin so that it doesn't show. A dash of it absorbs all the moisture the towel doesn't reach, soothes the skin and protects it against wind, rain, hail or sun with an invisible, antiseptic film.

All three together make the Complete Mennen Shave. And my advice is to start for the nearest drugstore and get all three. It's good, common-sense luxury.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)



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BONDS ACCEPTANCES SHORT TERM NOTES

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]
thinkable now, but she knew, as she descended the magnificent stairway in all the glory of a black-and-silver frock, that her husband would have foreseen the contingency and would have asked somebody — anybody — to share their first evening at Fair Hills.

And, sure enough, as she entered the little gray drawing-room tonight, she found a guest waiting for Elliot. A tall man, bronzed of cheek, dark-eyed, with bright hair scalloped in deep waves above a brown forehead.

THE keen, smiling look met hers, lingered upon her until she was almost embarrassed by its intensity. She had not chanced to see him for seven years; not since the old first days at Blue Rock, when all the world had been so wonderful and so new.

Elliot in those old days had been Jack's casual friend. He was talking to him now as an intimate—though for that matter anyone who dined with the Ferrills was welcomed as an old and intimate friend.

But Emilie had not forgotten him. She raised magnificent eyes to his kindly and handsome face: the eyes of a woman drowning. She linked her warm, satin-smooth fingers tightly for a moment in his own brown, hard, thin ones.

"Jack Duval," she said slowly.

. . . . .

Jack Duval lay at her feet, on lawn as green as velvet. He was all in white; Emilie was all in white. There were little white clouds sailing like galleons across the blue sky and little white ships moving like clouds on the blue water.

They had been playing tennis, the season's first game, and both were flushed and breathless. Emilie was in a deep basket chair, eyes starry, lips a scarlet line, dark hair loosened just enough to add an unusual softness to her whole aspect.

"So that it amounts to this," Jack said, rolling over on his side, after a long silence, so he might glance up at her. "You've made a mistake, and you know it, and—being a good sport, you're going to stick it out!"

"Being a rotten sport—still I'm going to stick it out," Emilie's exquisite voice altered it. And she looked away and smiled a little, mysteriously.

"You puzzle me," Jack said shortly, disapprovingly. "I don't see what you get out of it!"

"Just—being a good sport, maybe," Emilie offered briefly, after a pause.

"And that's enough? You're—what is it?—thirty-seven? And that's enough?"

There was infinite desolation in her quiet voice:

"No. Of course it's not enough."

He rolled face down to the grass again, and plucked blades of it and chewed them. After a while he said:

"That's final, is it?"

The woman shrugged, making no other answer. And there was a long pause.

"I've made such a mess of everything, Jack," Emilie began presently, "that I really have no confidence in my own judgment any more. I don't know what I want!"

"You've not made a mess of anything at all," he answered promptly. "But Elliot has drained the life out of you—forced you to his cursed measure——" He frowned at the grass. "Two months away from his influence and all your old spirits—your confidence in yourself — would come back!" he predicted.

She was silenced by the sheer thrill of the vision. Free of Elliot! Her spirits seemed to fill with clean new breath; her soul soared.

"I'm the last person in the world to be arguing this with you, I know that damn well," Jack said moodily. "But it makes me sick to leave you here—what *good* do you do? He hates you."

"I tell myself, sometimes, none," she answered simply. "And then, at others, I think that a man needs a wife—I do take my place beside Elliot when there is a big dance afoot for the Duke!" she ended, smiling.

"Oh? And to please his damned pride you'll drag on here for life, never getting a decent word out of him, never free to do what you want to do, knowing that he hasn't played square——"

SHE was pale again. Her magnificent eyes looked weary.

"Jack dear, what does it matter? One doesn't live forever."

And she began to speak of one of the philosophies to which he had recently drawn her attention. Golf and tennis and polo expert he might be, yet Jack Duval was a reader and a thinker, too, and one of the joys—indeed the only real joy of last winter, to Emilie—had been in the books they shared, the occasional concert, the occasional afternoon at the opera.

He was in mourning. The drab little wife had died. The two children were with their maternal grandmother. Jack had been left a good deal of financial freedom as their guardian and a comfortable little fortune on his own account. This last, he once told Emilie, he had doubled in "the Street." He was a daring financier, never in the least worried about ways and means. Almost forty in years, yet he was handsomer than ever, leaner, browner, keener; the type that remains always a boy, lovable, abrupt, winning.

They did not talk as lovers, he and Emilie. But when, as today, he slipped some little phrase like "I am the last person in the world to argue with you," Emilie remembered it with a deep, warm fluttering in her heart for hours, and it made her exquisitely happy.

Theirs was a Platonic friendship, they said. And Platonic friendship was all, Emilie discovered, that her soul needed this winter; a friendship based upon congeniality, upon a common taste in books, music, flowers, walks upon the bare wintry shores of the Sound, talks beside the fire.

Jack's little bunch of violets, when she and Elliot went off to Bermuda, meant more to her than all the crates of flowers, candy, books, that packed her stateroom. And when they returned there was only one person she wanted to see, and did see: a tall, lean person muffled in a big overcoat, waiting on the dock in a heavy spring rain.

THEY used to talk of everything together, with all the hunger of those who have been starved for companionship. Emilie spoke, one spring day, of her marriage to Breck Sanderson; of Jim. Breck was married again now and had two children. Jim was fifteen, in boarding school.

And one day she talked frankly of her girlhood, its poverty, its obscurity, its ambition.

"If I could ever have seen myself in sables and diamonds, with a villa at Cannes," she said, half sadly, half amusedly; "if I could ever have heard myself talk of the butler and the cars and the yacht!"

"And it hasn't meant much," the man stated, rather than asked, watching her pityingly.

"Nothing at all!" she answered. And for a while she was still. "One thinks of oneself as exhibiting all these things to the old group," she elucidated it presently. "One thinks of the old friends as envious and admiring. But—moving up, one moves into the group that takes all that for granted, and that is rushing madly after something else. With Breck I had a thousand times more than my mother, for example, ever had. With Elliot, it was only a question of more—more——"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

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in a dainty composition Ivory Box will be presented to you absolutely free by the Smartsilk man when he calls. It greatly increases the life of hosiery and is not obtainable in any store.

TRUTHFULLY TOLD ~ TRUTHFULLY SOLD

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

After a silence she added: "I wanted something—I don't know quite what—position, power, wonderful experiences with wonderful people everywhere, Paris, London, the opera, the races——

"But I must have gone about it the wrong way," she went on a little sadly, a little whimsically, "for all I got was the commonplace—the ostentatious; one disappointment after another!"

"You have a rare and beautiful nature," the man said. "Breck Sanderson tried to crush it out of you, and you broke free. Elliot Ferrill has carried on the good work.

"But I see you," he began again, "I see you in a little apartment—perhaps in Paris, Florence, London—that doesn't matter! I see interesting men coming to you, women who have done something; tea, chat—nothing ostentatious, nothing——" His earnest face twinkled into a rueful laugh. "Nothing to 'knock their eye out,'" he said.

"But, Jack—Jack," she asked, her heart beating hard, "what makes you think—what have I done that would attract that sort of person—the real sort of person—to me?"

For answer he merely looked at her steadily for a long half minute and Emilie laughed, and colored, and lowered her long, upcurving lashes against her cheek.

"It is good to know that you like me, Jack," she said. "It is the one thing that saves my self-respect in these days."

IN June Elliot went off on a yachting trip. When he came back he was experiencing a reaction; was tired and cross. Emilie saw him first when he came down, dressed, for dinner. He looked at the dinner table sharply when they met without words at eight o'clock. It was set for only two. Tete-a-tetes between them were now no more than tests of self-control; both dreaded them.

"Nobody coming, eh?" His face was florid. He looked heavier, looked uncomfortable in evening dress.

"I didn't even know *you* were, Elliot."

"I sent Somerton a dozen wireless messages."

"Then—" Her voice was crystal clear and cool. "Then perhaps it might have been a good idea to wireless Somerton about asking somebody for dinner. I had no wireless."

She did not mean to begin by quarreling with him. But the first contact between them acted like an irritant, and despite her most heroic efforts Emilie could not resist the temptation to slip into the usual cutting mood with him.

This was late September. She had not seen him since early June. Jack, studying music—he had a fine strong voice—had been in Berlin.

Emilie had drifted about aimlessly from one resort to another, too thoroughly disheartened and lonely to strike roots anywhere.

Only two weeks before her husband's return she had learned what, curiously enough, she had not suspected before—that there had been women on the long summer cruise of the Boy Blue. Elliot's French friend had dispensed the hospitality of the yacht, and there had been two other women included in the party. Everyone had known it, it appeared, before Elliot's wife discovered it. Emilie had been talking all summer of Elliot and his friends "batching it" on the Boy Blue. Her cheeks stung now as she remembered. They had all known!

But, short of a final and com-

plete break with him, there was nothing to be done. And Emilie was not ready for that. She planned a big dinner to welcome home the master of Fair Hills; but when the night came Elliot did not return from the city at all, and Emilie telephoned at the last minute for an obliging man to take his place at the table, and carried the occasion single-handed. Elliot, coming back a day or two later, gave no explanation, nor did she demand one.

The rudeness, the neglect to which Elliot subjected Emilie was no secret; it began to be discussed at the country clubs and across the exclusive dinner tables of Blue Rock. "By George," the men said, "that feller talked to his wife like a pickpocket!" . . . "Why on earth," the women asked each other, "does Emilie Ferrill put up with it?"

AT Christmas time Emilie tried to draw Elliot into a frank discussion. But Elliot jerked irritatedly away from anything like open talk.

Emilie persisted patiently that she wanted to go abroad alone; wanted to live quietly in London or Rome or Paris.

Elliot growled that he knew only too well the way wives on allowances lived in Paris and Rome. Nothing doing!

"But, Elliot," she pleaded, "you don't need me here—your life is full without me. And what have I?"

"You haven't got any kids—not you! I know that," he answered with sudden heat. "By golly, it sticks in my throat every time anyone asks me how many children I've got!"

"But, Elliot, *you* were the one who hated the idea of children—*you* were the one who always said——"

He looked her straight in the eye; his lip curled like a wolf's.

"You lie," he said flatly. "By the Lord Harry," he went on, "I have more respect for a woman who gives a man a child, with no money and name and position to back her up, than a woman of your sort!"

The Frenchwoman had borne him a child! Emilie knew it instantly. She knew that his sense of having robbed that child, of having no power to right the mother, was galling him now. She herself felt weak with the shame, the futile ugliness of the discussion, of their whole relationship.

ONE January day, when by some chance or mischance she and Elliot were together, being driven into town in one of the big closed cars, a flat tire delayed them for some twenty minutes just outside the town of Jamaica, beside the shabby fence of a shabby country house.

Two very small boys, with hard wet cheeks and clumsy outer garments, ventured to the gate to watch the change of tire, and were followed there by a woman in a blue kitchen dress and limp apron—a tall woman, not thin, but pale, with straight hair swept plainly off a tired face.

Between her and Emilie there was an instant flash of recognition, although they had not seen each other for eight years. It was Isabel Sawyer, who had been secretary to Elliot's sister, old Mrs. Lefanu.

Isabel Oliphant now. She had married a country doctor, Emilie vaguely remembered, immediately after Mrs. Lefanu's death. She was delighted to see the Ferrills. She bundled the two little boys before her, and invited the visitors into the kitchen to see her two younger children.

Poverty. Heavens, what poverty, Emilie thought, recognizing it across all the years of plenty. Dish towels damp on a line above a smoking stove. A fat baby bubbling and staring in a high chair, with porridge drying on his little face.

Isabel was eager, anxious, apologetic. Usually she had a "slave," she explained, but they had had a bad winter. She had had to have a serious operation, and Walter had been ill. He worked too hard, poor boy, and he had caught a heavy chest cold. This was Betty

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Get a Carryola Master, the portable phonograph with the console model tone. See it at the better music shops—comes dressed up in Genuine Du Pont Fabrikoid with 2-tone Embossed Art Cover and Record Album. Your choice of Black, Turtle Blue, Jade Green, Spanish Red, or Brown Alligator.

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The Carryola Co. of America
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Write for this attractive folder giving details of the Carryola Models.

[BEAUTY'S PROGRESS
Continued from Page Thirty-one]

—this lump of curly-headed shyness caught up from microscopic enterprises on a chair-seat beside the stove.

Playing-blocks were on the floor; baby's undergarments washed and wrung, but not hung yet to dry, were piled, white wet twists, in a gray granulated basin. The little restless forms of the children were everywhere.

Yet Isabel's pale face was absolutely radiant with pride as she presented them; she kissed the fat neck of the staring and bubbling baby hungrily in passing him.

"This is my whole set," she said blithely. "We think Elliot here will be the baby for a long, long time! I almost died after he was born, and was eleven weeks in the hospital. And, by the way," she went on, smiling at Elliot, "do you realize that he is your namesake? We haven't forgotten, Walter and I, what you did for us."

ELLIOT, sitting heavy and bewildered beside the kitchen table, looked at her inquiringly, a trifle uneasy, a trifle suspicious of a joke.

"This littlest one is Elliot Ferrill Oliphant!" Isabel announced proudly. "I've meant to write you about him a hundred times, but somehow I can do everything else except write letters! You knew that Mr. Ferrill gave us this house, when we were married?" she added, turning to Emilie.

"It was for sale, and Walter had just bought a practise in this neighborhood, and we were so *mad* about it," Isabel said eagerly. "And I discovered that it was a part of the Elliot property, and spoke to Mrs. Lefanu about it. And Mr. Ferrill said that I was to have it for a wedding present!"

"And you like it?" Elliot asked.

"Like it! Why, it's just *home*," the doctor's wife answered. "Don't judge it," she went on, "by this kitchen. I've got to keep them all in here, this freezing weather. But in spring—and in summer, everyone says it's the coolest house in town, and when my garden starts up and the trees are in leaf——"

Elliot was deeply pleased by the fact that an insignificant country doctor's fourth lumpy, porridgy baby had been named for him; Emilie could see that, as they continued their interrupted trip. He spoke of it more than once in the days that followed. She herself carried away an absolutely appalled impression of Isabel Oliphant's life.

But although Elliot never stopped to see his namesake again, Emilie went more than once to the weatherworn old house underneath the maples, and between her and Isabel there sprang up an odd friendship.

"Isabel, do you realize you're the happiest woman I know?" Emilie, sitting useless and elegant, a mere spectator, at the kitchen table, said suddenly one day, in a tone almost resentful.

"I'll be happy if this isn't ringworm—darn all stray cats, now and forevermore!" Isabel said absently, as she inspected a small arm.

"You work and talk and eat and sleep like one of these children," Emilie said; "but surely—you want something more?"

"I wish Walt was stronger," Isabel said, serving mushy gray rice into bowls. "And I wish you'd ask your chef how the Chinese cook rice," she added, "so that it all stands up dry—every grain. Walt's all *right*," she went on, distributing sugar and cream rapidly, "but his is a hard profession, and this is a hard climate. However, our hearts are now set upon Nictheroy, across the bay from Rio de Janeiro. If Walt should get the Foundation appointment, we'll all be off to radiant Rio—I'm just holding to the thought, and I know it'll come! I was there with Mrs. Lefanu. I've always wanted to go back. We wouldn't be rich, of course, but we'd all be together, and he wouldn't have those horrible January colds he's been getting of late. It must be funny, Emilie, never to have any money concern," she added naively.

"I don't know," Emilie answered slowly. "It's like having pretty eyes—the girls who have them never think of them; they want prettier hair, or better skins, or something."

Isabel was happy, Emilie mused, because she was always too tired, too rushed, to think. But it wasn't all that. She adored those fat, troublesome children, strangely enough. "One of them would be riches, and I have four!" she would breathe gratefully.

Yes, and then that mild, graying, gentle doctor adored his wife and babies, too—possibly that sort of gentle, weary, humble idolatry was satisfying.

But there seemed to be something further, some mysterious wellspring of joy deep within Isabel. She sang over dishes to wash.

ONE day in spring Jack Duval came back—better at tennis, golf, polo, bridge, than ever; singing like a young god; handsomer, graver than she had remembered him. He went

EMILIE listened to the women's ecstasies: "Oh, exquisite! Oh, Mrs. Ferrill, how you can wear Aucassin's things!"

straight to the point: He reminded her that Paris was Paradise, with the chestnuts in bloom. His atelier there was high up over the gardens of the Louvre; it was big enough for two. Some of her friends were there, some of his were awaiting her with open arms. She was the most gorgeous, the most glorious woman he had ever known; he couldn't forget her, he couldn't live without her.

He had made a little money unexpectedly, but money was to be no feature of this marriage. There would be omelettes in the atelier and curly twists of fresh sour bread; there would be seats at the opera. He was not rich, but neither was he poor. He had severed all ties with America—the guardianship of his children had been removed from him. He wanted Emilie to marry him.

She must not tell Elliot her plans; not ask his approval of them. She must slip simply away to France, await her divorce, build anew.

She listened, trembling, silenced by new hope and fear. The days went by in a bewildered dream; her feet did not seem to touch the ground. Oh, was there really a way out?

Wealth, jewels, the admiration and envy of the shallow social world mattered not at all, now. She was done with these things. But to be needed, to have her friends about her, to be the center of an artistic, busy, working group—to be herself once more!

SHE took her problem to Isabel, and Isabel, rocking a sick child in the spring-flooded backyard, looked up with anxious eyes only momentarily diverted from her own agony.

"Oh, Emilie, you wouldn't!"

"Why not?"

Isabel stared. "But *why?*" she countered.

"Well, because——" Emilie hesitated. "I don't want to say the stereotyped thing," she began, in a low, unemotional voice; "but I am wretched. Elliot almost never speaks to me—much less tries to share my life."

"But—but how would it be improved by going to live in Paris, and possibly marrying Jack Duval? I remember him as a terribly social sort of butterfly," Isabel argued.

"Possibly," Emilie echoed, amused, turning a little red. "Well—there's many a slip."

Emilie only smiled more deeply. She was sure of her lover. Jack's words were ringing at this instant in her ears, the touch of his fingers was still warm on hers.

"He's burning up," Isabel whispered, and her eyes brimmed. "My heart, if mother could make you cool and comfy!" she breathed above the child. "But, Emilie," she said presently, looking up, "what's to prevent your having friends of your own now, doing what you like, living a full life in spite of Elliot?"

"It can't be done," Emilie answered quickly, her face darkening. "We do things on too big a scale. Wherever we go it means servants, notoriety, couriers, cars, all the rest of it! Mrs. Elliot Ferrill is always a marked card—always conspicuous. I can't get away from it; I never can until I make an absolute break.

"And why should I be afraid of that break?" Emilie reasoned on. "What do I care for the opinion of the world—the gossip of a few stupid people? It's nobody's business but my own."

She glanced at her jeweled wrist. In half an hour she was to meet Jack downtown for one of those marvelous, those intoxicating tea hours when all this should be discussed, thrillingly, exquisitely, once more.

Isabel was not listening. Her earnest eyes were wide open, close above the suffering baby's wistful, puzzled eyes; she held the tiny, limp, hot fiingers of one little hand against her lips.

"Oh, my God, if you're really sick, baby!" Emilie heard her whisper.

The childless woman—she had been so for ten years—got slowly to her feet; went slowly away. But her mind was settled now, and she knew what she would do.

Emilie's life a gilded ruin! Will she try to rebuild it? Her story takes a strange and fascinating turn that lifts it to a climax in next week's final installment.

(Copyright, 1926, by Kathleen Norris)

MISS HOPPER as she appears today. *Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston*

My Gift to Girls — who want more beauty

—and to women who love youth

By Edna Wallace Hopper

These are my chief beauty aids. Each combines from six to sixteen of the greatest helps I found. Each is so efficient that the very first use amazes and delights. This is to offer you a test of any at my cost. I want you to know what they mean.

White Youth Clay

This is a new-type clay, the final results of 20 years of scientific study. It is white, refined and dainty. It combines with three clays other factors which every skin requires. So don't confuse it with the old-type crude and muddy clays.

Youth Clay purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. It draws out the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. It brings the blood to the skin to nourish and revive it. The quick result is a rosy afterglow.

I have seen Youth Clay bring to countless girls new beauty in half an hour. Older women often seem to drop ten years. The sample will prove to you that no girl or woman can appear at her best without it.

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My Youth Cream comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. One is for night use, the other for day. No skin should ever be an hour without it.

My Youth Cream applies many valuable factors, all in one application. These include products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best that science knows to foster, feed and preserve the skin.

The first night's use of my Youth Cream will be a revelation to you. And my baby-like complexion shows what daily use can do.

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and keep it—as I did

For 40 years I have searched the world for the utmost in beauty helps. In that quest I have made 34 trips to France, have consulted famous beauties and great experts everywhere.

Thus I acquired, I believe, the greatest beauty aids in existence. By their help I gained a glorious career as a beauty of the stage and films. By their help I have preserved my youth. At a grandmother's age I still look a girl of 19.

Now I have placed these supreme helps at every woman's call. All drug and toilet counters supply them as Edna Wallace Hopper's Beauty Helps. And I am doing my best to bring to millions what they brought to me.

Edna Wallace Hopper

My Facial Youth

My Facial Youth is a liquid cleanser which I found in France. Today this formula is recognized everywhere as the greatest of skin cleansers. The leading beauty experts advise and employ it, for nothing else known can compare. But my Facial Youth is first to offer this great cleanser at a modest price.

Facial Youth contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. And with it goes all the grime and dirt, dead skin and clogging matter.

I never knew what a clean skin meant until I found this product. Nor will you. And a clean skin is the foundation of beauty. I urge you to learn what it means.

My Hair Youth

Millions marvel at my hair. It is thick and lustrous, far more luxuriant than 40 years ago. I have never had falling hair or dandruff and never a touch of gray.

This I also owe to France. Her great experts gave me what is now combined in my Hair Youth. The product is concentrated, so I apply it with an eye-dropper directly to the scalp. There it combats the hardened oil and dandruff which stifle the hair roots. It tones and stimulates the scalp. You feel that instantly. Hair thrives on a scalp so cared for as flowers thrive in a well-kept garden.

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One sample is free. If you want more than one, enclose 10 cents for each additional sample.

A-87-L

The Face that Wins

A Healthy Skin Leads Toward Happiness and Success

An Article by
EILEEN BOURNE

Picture by GUY HOFF

TO reiterate an obvious fact, your face *is* your fortune; the skin thereof an index to your physical wealth. A blemished or neglected skin interferes with your popularity and success.

Good positions have eluded young men and women, according to Dr. Howard Fox, noted skin specialist, because of an unfortunate complexion. Usually it is those with severe cases of acne who have difficulty getting jobs. It not only affects their business chances but their marital possibilities.

As such, then, it is just as well to view the face, and to let no little opportunity go by of improving one's social advantages.

In the first place, the face is surprisingly able to take care of itself.

With a healthy skin of normal resistance the only care needed is to keep it clean both inside and out and to protect it from damaging influences.

Even skin of the most delicate texture is of tough enough fiber to withstand the elements. So argues Dr. Fox in refutation of those claims that washing with soap and water is detrimental.

Not all skins will tolerate the same amount of punishment with soap and water, however. Where the skin has a tendency to dryness, the mildest kind of neutral oil soap is advised. If excessively dry, a superfatted soap, one that leaves a deposit of grease, should be used. Excessively oily skin calls for a soap containing a free alkali, such as tincture of green soap. For your average skin, a good toilet soap, made of clean fats with excessive alkali removed, is suitable. The basic essentials of a fine complexion are, in Dr. Fox's opinion, good, plain meals and a hygienic life.

By the amount of exercise you take and by the amount of proper food you eat and assimilate you may judge how long its good texture will be preserved. Such miracles as having at sixty the skin of a sixteen-year-old are not to be expected, says Dr. Fox. The skin tends to become coarser as one gets older. In middle age there is an inclination to freckles and dilated blood vessels and patches called keratoses.

A certain amount of fat in the skin is necessary. Where it is lacking, the skin should be greased sufficiently to maintain a normal softness and pliability. These applications, however, Dr. Fox warns, are not cleansing substitutes for soap and water.

It does not make any difference whether the grease used is a mineral or vegetable oil. Olive oil may be used on a dry skin with beneficial results. Sweet almond oil may be found more agreeable to some skins.

In choosing creams, Dr. Fox strongly advises consideration of the reputation of the concern that makes the product, choosing only products of reliable manufacturers. This same point applies to rouge, powder, and other cosmetics applied to the face.

Incidentally, Dr. Fox sees no harm done a complexion by rouge and powder, except the esthetic damage of a job badly done, providing, of course, that the ingredients have the indorsement of a reputable manufacturer.

"Acne," says Dr. Fox, "is the most familiar form of bad complexion. It is one of the most universal diseases, and is the source of more humiliation and mental distress than any other. It is a disease of adolescence. It is claimed by many to be an infection, but this is not positively known. One in the family may have it; another not. Bad acne cases are seen in boys and girls in whom no health disturbances are discoverable. One cruel and erroneous impression that should be cleared up is that it has any association with youthful errors.

"Nature eventually clears up every case. But X-ray is always the specific treatment and when used properly cures in the vast majority of instances. Mild cases may be treated by rubbing with green soap, which will modify but not cure. They may be helped by using a solution of zinc sulphate and sulphurated potash, a dram of each in four ounces of water. Apply the lotion at night and wash off in the morning.

"Persons suffering with acne should never use creams. The reason for its prevalence during adolescence lies in the fact that at that age the fat glands take on an accelerated activity. Adding more grease is simply courting further trouble.

"Special diets are of little value. Indigestible, greasy foodstuffs and an excessive amount of sweets will make acne worse, as they affect the general well-being."

To prevent wrinkles, Dr. Fox's prescription reads: "Keep in good health, and lead a normal, happy life."

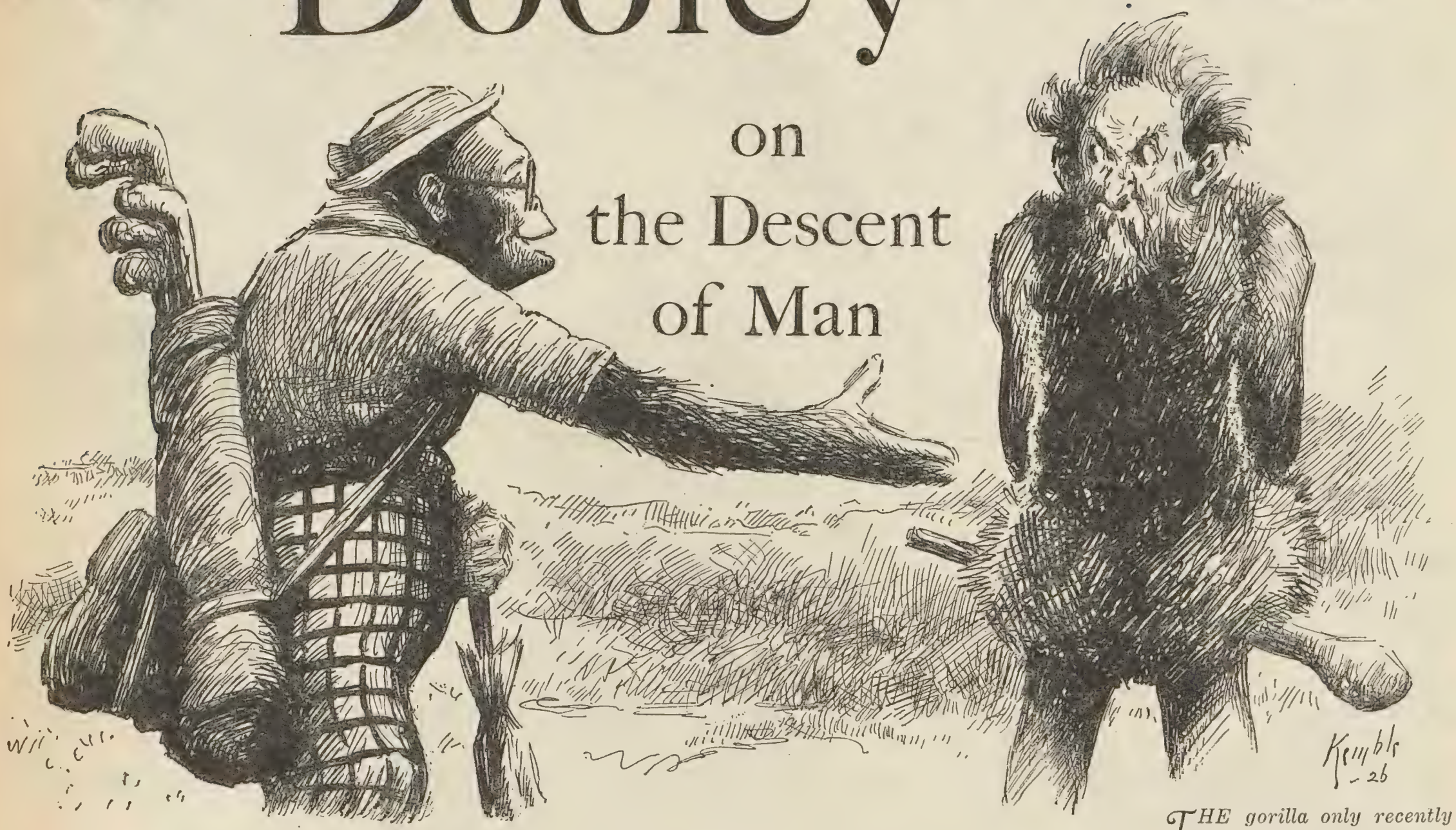
THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene upon which you need the advice of an expert? Perhaps your figure is too heavy or too thin. You may want to know how to get that enviable sheen on your hair; how to shampoo it properly. How to clear your complexion of blemishes. How to have lovely teeth, and beautiful but useful hands.

Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your query or queries. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, addressed to Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Mr. Dooley on the Descent of Man

Pictures by E. W. Kemble



THE gorilla only recently moved into the neighborhood.

He's Willing to Call the Baboon a Cousin, But He Draws the Line at the Oyster

By

Finley Peter Dunne

"I WISH," said Mr. Dooley, "that man Hogan wudden't lave his bad books around whin he goes out."

"What did he lave?" Mr. Hennessy asked. "Let me have a peek at it."

"It ain't th' kind ye think," said Mr. Dooley. "It's a scientific book. It's about th' descint iv man; an', be hivens, afther skinnin' it over I feel like puttin' a couple iv bricks in me pocket an' goin' down an' jumpin' into th' canal, I'm that blue. Knowledge is a turrible thing, it's so disquietin'. If I knew half as much as this fellow I cudden't sleep nights.

"I thought where th' human race sprung fr'm was settled last year in Tinnissee. I give a cheer whin that intilligint jury iv farmers, grocers, livery-stable keepers, an' hill-men concluded their delib'rations, found Darwin guilty, an' voted to hang him th' nex' time he set foot in Chattanooga. Whin these peers iv Char-les Darwin's hitched up their galluses, put on their seer-suckers, an' wint home to do th' chores, I was relieved, f'r th' Law had vindicated me boast in bein' related to Adam an' Eve.

"An' whin I wint to see th' chimpanzee in the zoo I cud agree with th' lady standin' nex' to me that he was such a lookin' thing an' not have to shake hands with him an' call him 'Cousin' an' ask him if he'd had anny wurrud lately fr'm th' old home in Fernando Po. But, by dad, it seems th' scientists don't pay no more heed to th' coorts iv Tinnissee thin they might to th' morsel iv tobbacco that nestled in th' Solon's cheek.

"Mind ye, this is not a rale scientific book. Whin a bony fidy scientist writes a bony fidy book, he writes it so that no wan can undherstand it but another mimber iv th' lodge or a Chinyman. An' he's mighty cautious about what he writes. If he makes a error some other scientist is lible to get up at a meetin' iv th' S'ciety f'r Improvin' th' Condition iv th' Bioplasm an' hit him over th' head with a microscope. Ye can bet Darwin niver claimed much. I niver r-read anny iv his bedtime stories, but I'm told he wrote 'mebbe' or 'p'raps' afther ivry line, or 'I think I am right but I may be wrong. I usually am, me wife tells me!'

"There ar-re two kinds iv people who have doubts on anny subjick—thim that know all about it an' thim that know nawthin'. Th' pop'lar scientist is between th' two. He knows a little, an' he don't know much, an' he niver says mebbe. He's as sure that th' sun is siventy-five millyon miles fr'm th' moon as if he'd thraveled th' distance in his Foord with a speedomether, an' whin he says there ar-re forty millyon bone cells in a human skeleton, ye feel as though he'd set up all night with his wife countin' thim. He'd bet ye a dollar on it as quick as I wud that we're four blocks fr'm Devine's coal yard.

"Well, th' things this fellow says about th' human race, they'd shock ye. I was fairly well contint to be descinded fr'm th' blue-nosed mandhril or th' gibbon, so long as I didn't have to wear a little red cap on me head an' dance around at th' end iv a sthring to th' music iv a hand organ. If it was thrue, we were all in th' same boat, so what diff'rence did it make? As th' song goes, 'It isn't what ye used to be, it's what ye ar-re today.' An', annyhow, p'raps 'twas no worse to come down fr'm a good-natured, happy-go-lucky baboon thin fr'm an improvident couple that lost an ideel home in th' suburbs because they cudden't resthrain their appetite or their curiosity. All they left us as a legacy was their original sin, which we have to get rid iv befure we can accommodate our own, which ar-re more injyeable.

"But along comes th' fellow that wrote this book an' he says it's a joke to s'pose we started with th' gorilla. It shows how conceited we ar-re. No, sir, th' gorilla, th' chimpanzee, an' th' marmoset on'y recently moved into th' neighborhood.

"Befure man was an ape, he was a snake

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

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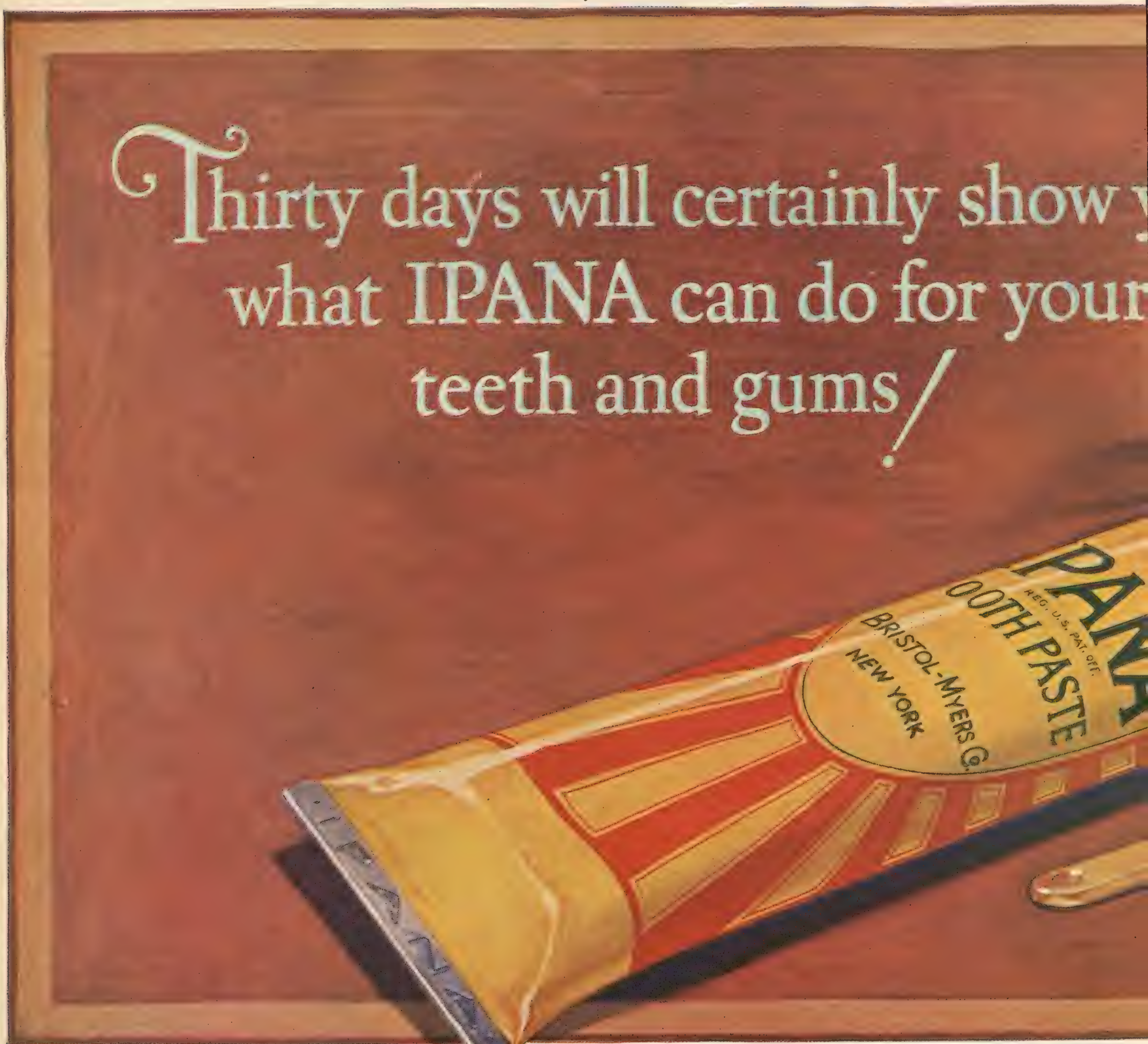

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The delicious taste of Ipana should win you from the start and its power to keep your teeth brilliant should delight you. But Ipana will bring you another benefit—it will help you to keep your gums in perfect health!

Our food is soft—our gums need daily care!

The real reason why we moderns are so beset with troubles of our gingivae is that our diet fails completely to keep our gums in health. It is soft, creamy, delicious, but it fails to stimulate our gums as hard, fibrous food once did. We chew too little—we eat too quickly. And, robbed of exercise, our gums grow soft, tender and flaccid.

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IF "pink tooth brush" has never brought its warning to you—if your gums are firm and hard—be thankful and let Ipana help you to keep them so. For the time to fight troubles of the gums is before they start!

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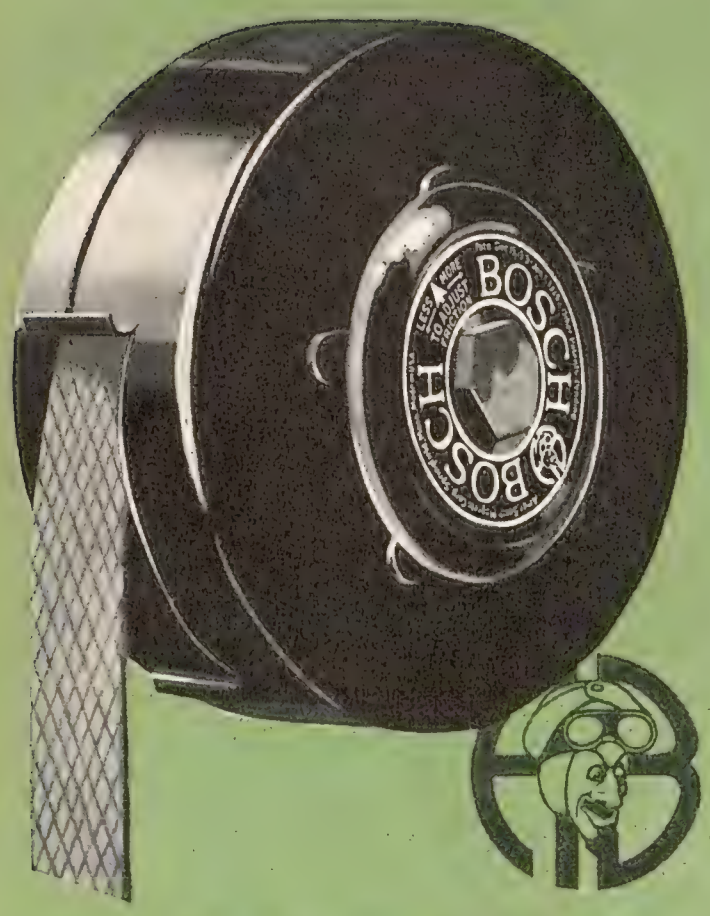

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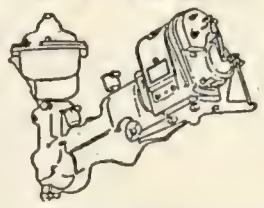

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

an' used to go crawlin' ar-round on his stomach robbin' bur-rds' nests.

"But it seems hard to idintify th' rale foundher iv th' race. Life was more promiscus in thim days thin it is now, an' it was a wise boa consthrictor that knew its own father. But as far as th' author iv this book can make out, th' boy that th' prisint gineration iv intellechool an' moral joynts must look to with riv'rence was an ol' spoortsman be th' name iv Cynodont. That was his name or mebbe it was th' nickname that he got fr'm what his wife said to him ivry time he made a move around th' house.

"GOOD ol' Cy! Be rights his porthrait ought to be on ivry parlor wall, but no likeness iv him has been presarved. I s'pose he was shy about havin' his picture took. An' he might well be, fr'm th' way our author describes him. He says Cy was 'a dog-toothed, low-browed Thriassic reptile.' Which, I say, is a coarse way to speak iv granpop. Aven if he was plain, it's no way to talk about th' dead. I don't believe he was Thriassic whativer that is or whativer else he was. Besides there's no good in rakin' up th' past. Let bygones be bygones is my motto, an' Cynodont has been dead f'r two hundhred an' sixty millyon years. Peace to his fossil!

"Iv coorse Cy wasn't th' first iv th' breed anny more thin Mile Standish or Gov'nor Bradford or Willum th' Conkerer. We've got to begin somewhere with a family three an' Cy was apparently a snake iv means. But long befure this sturdy old proginitor peeled an acorn with his dog teeth or wiped th' slime iv our ancesthral home fr'm his hot, low brow, millyons iv Hinnissies in th' form iv fish, eyesthers, clams, jellyfishes, angleworms, fleas, midges, an' tumblebugs swarmed upon th' globe. Accordin' to this la-ad we owe our skulls, backbones, an' arms to th' fish; but, thank th' Lord, the bullfrog come along an' saved us fr'm havin' to breathe through gills, which wud've made it difficult f'r us to wear undershirts. We get our voices, as I've often suspicted, fr'm th' same source—th' nightingale iv Haley's Slough.

"An', says th' author, if man gets proud iv himsilf let him reflict that th' great diff'rence between him an' th' eyesther is that we are spryer thin Uncle Blue Pint or Aunt Cotuit, an' we can ate thim an' they can't ate us. That, I shud say, is about as much iv a start as a fellow ought to ask, but he don't think it's a great dale. Annyhow, th' roll iv our ancesthors looks more like th' bill iv fare iv a fish dinner thin like th' rosther iv th' monkey house, an' fr'm now on I'll enjye Lent aven less thin iver, f'r ivry time I set down to a meal I'll feel like a cannybal.

"But that ain't all. This writer goes on to say that if we're ashamed to come down fr'm th' scrod, th' sardine, th' sprat, an' th' bullhead, he can prove that we're all iv th' same stock as th' one-celled ameba, a guy that I niver befure knew existed outside iv a cross-wurrud puzzle. This ol'-fashioned citizen was not visible to th' naked eye, performed all his jooties with his stomach, an' lived about a minyit an' a half.

"How was he bred, ye ask? Our frind says he was created be th' effeck iv th' sun's rays on th' mud. Be Sol out iv Mire. It is a plausible theery an' can be accipted be all who can't swallow th' Bible.

"I wondher what kind iv a spoort our raaly first ancesthor was. Was he wild in his youth? Did he get marrid whin he was twinty-five siconds old an' settle down? Did he sthrut around in th' ooze, lord it over his poor rilitives, acumylate property, lend money out at inthrest, quarl with his neighbors, believe he was a little higher thin th' angels, hang his fellow cells, go to th' ligislachure, retire at th' ripe age iv wan minyit, lave his money to an art museem, an' pass away in th' ninetieth sicond iv his life, to have a fun'ral sermon preached over him be another ameba?

"He was a credit to th' noble race iv amebas. Measured by glory he lived long. Vanity iv vanities! We know little iv his public or private life, f'r a matther iv a billyon years has passed since he was captain iv his precinct. But, as th' pote says, th' evil that he done lives afther him.

Give 'em a tooth an' they'll make ye a picture of a Pleesiosaurus.

"NO, sir; this justly popylar scientist says Man has no raison to be proud iv his ancesthors an', by th' same token, they have little cause to be proud iv him. Has he anny raison to be happy about himsilf? What is he annyhow whin ye come down to that? He thinks iv himsilf as a gorjous crather that has subdood th' arth, wathered th' desert, spanned th' flood, guessed th' riddle iv th' stars, an' wore a stovepipe hat on Sundah. But d'ye know what this stately bein', this janius, this paragon iv all th' varchoos achally is? Well, in th' first place he's two-thirds wather an' th' rest iv him is lime. How much d'ye weigh? A hundherd an' sixty-eight pounds? Well, a hundherd an' twilve pounds iv that is wather.

"It's a fact I'm tellin' ye. Ye're no more substantial thin a bottle iv pop. Ye ought to go out an' have ye'ersilf calked or some day ye'll start a seam an' find ye'ersilf standin' in a puddle up to ye'er knees. If ye were bailed out ye'd weigh no more thin fifty-six pounds. Goldfish cud live in ye if ye put a glass globe around ye'ersilf an' ye cud be listed on th' stock exchange.

"What's more, I s'pose ye think th' smart things ye do come fr'm ye'er noble brain an' th' brave things fr'm ye'er staunch heart. Don't delude ye'ersilf. If ye relied on ayther iv thim organs f'r action ye'd be clingin' to a rock in Banthry Bay like a limpet. Whativer ye ar-re ye owe to ye'er glands.

"HOOTCH an' hormones makes life what it is. Th' histhry iv th' race has been changed not by th' human brain, but by little pouches in a man's back, near where his dorsal fin was whin he was a fish—little pouches called adhrenal glands, that science niver heerd about until four-thirty last Choosdah. If ye have plenty iv adhrenin ye're a heero; if ye haven't ye're a coward. It was adhrenin that made Alexander th' Gr-reat conker th' wurruld an' that give George Wash'nton nerve to cross th' Delaware into th' State iv Noo Jarsey. That little pocket just above the flask is accountable f'r all th' gr-reat warryors in histhry fr'm Hannibal to House. Whin Horatius hopped off th' bridge into th' Tiber, th' raison he wasn't dhrownded was, as th' pote says, because his limbs were borne up by th' adhrenal gland within an' th' good thyroid bare bravely up his chin. Some day ye'll read: 'McGloo looked a winner all over till th' fifth whin he got a smack on th' back an' his adhrenal stopped an' so did McGloo.' An' th' siconds will be hollerin': 'Don't thry f'r th' chin, Izzy! Hit him on th' adhrenal gland.'

"Th' worst iv it is, Hinnissy, that since we become human bein's we haven't improved anny. Nature has had hard wurruk makin' a man iv mankind. Th' arlier experiments were satisfacthry but th' pathern was lost an' we've been goin' fr'm bad to worse. Twinty-five thousan' years ago there sthrode th' sthreets as fine a specimin iv mankind as ye'll find outside iv a clothin' advertisemint. He was tall an' graceful, ginrous to a fault, with blue eyes, light hair, a broad an' benignant forehead, an' a plisant wurrud f'r wan an' all. He was born an' brought up in th' town iv Brevvywith in Wales an' he voted undher th' name iv Crosby B. Magnon, or Cro for short. Cro Magnon was what he was called by th' other boys on th' corner. An' none knew him but to love him.

"How do th' scientists know so much about him? Why, ye omadhon, didn't they dig up his remains? Or, lasteways, they found a tooth or a part iv a shin bone an' fr'm this sketch they made a life-size effigy iv our heero. I'll say this f'r men iv science, they don't need much iv a clew to guess th' answer. Give thim a tooth, a bone, or a hank iv hair an' they'll build ye a joynt with steely blue eyes, an engagin' manner, a pleasin' barytone voice, an' a kind way with th' childher; or they'll make ye a picture iv a Pleesiosaurus or a Terrydactyl that weighed a ton, had a neck like a fire hose, an' cud carry away th' city hall in its beak.

"If there iver was such a peerless crather as Cro Magnon, weep! f'r th' human race has gone back as far as Babe Ruth's batting. It certainly is a tur-rible dhrop fr'm that noble fellow to th' lower ordher iv mammals an'

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Parking

Have you your car parked where there is no restrictions as to the time it can stay there? If so don't move it, leave it there. You may never find another place. If you feel that you have to use your car, why, buy another one. Don't move this one out of its parking place. There is thousands just waiting to get in.

Policemen are doing nothing but marking cars. A policeman used to carry a stick or billy, now he carries a piece of chalk.

There is more people looking for parking places, than there is for jobs. You live out, say fifteen blocks, from the main part of town. You drive down in the morning. After driving around looking for a place to park for a couple of hours, you finally find one, and walk by your own house on the way to town.

Parking regulations are getting so strict you are only allowed "thirty minutes in front of your own home." "People who own garages on their premises will be allowed to have their car spend two nights a week with them." Modern ads are reading nowadays, "Car for sale or trade, been parked three times. Will trade and give difference for 'once parked car'." "Have brand new car, will trade for any car already parked."

"Bull" Durham is a boon

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

to the unparked. It soothes the nerves, gives courage and confidence to face a parkless world.

Will Rogers

P.S. There will be another piece here in two weeks. Look for it.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

111 Fifth Avenue, New York City

[MR. DOOLEY ON THE DESCENT OF MAN
Continued from Page Forty-one]

invertebrates that infest th' Capitol at Wash'nton at prisint. If th' human race has weakened that much in a matther iv twinty-five thousan' years, what's goin' to happen to it in twenty-five billyon, which is no more thin Saturdah to Monday with th' scientist?

"Like as not most iv us will go back to bein' suckers, sponges, jellyfish, or lobster. Manny have made a good start that way as it is.

"BUT I don't believe it. I refuse to believe man iver was a monkey, a snake, a fish, or a pollywog. What's th' use in believin' disagreeable things whin there ar-re so manny pleasant things ye can believe? They may be just as thrue. I don't want to follow th' family back to th' Silurian age. I am satisfied to stop this side iv th' county jail. An' I like Hogan betther as a pote thin as a scientist. An' what do th' potes he used to recite say about man? He was 'Hiven illoomined man'; he was 'Hiven's mastherpiece'; 'God's image'; 'Dearer to th' gods thin to himsilf'; 'Divinely gifted, majestic man.' That's the way to talk about oursilves.

"What does Shakespeare say, accoordin' to Hogan? Says he, 'What a piece of wurruk is man! How noble in raison! How infinite,' he says, 'in faculty,' says he. 'In form an' moving how express an' admirable; in action how like an angel; in apprehension,' by Jimaneddy, 'how like a god,' he says. Huroo! That's the idee.

"An' Willum Shakespeare was a betther man anny day thin anny Cro Magnon that iver lived on leeks, or thin anny Paleonteoloologist that iver wint out with a hammer an' spade to dig up the histhry iv our race where a thravelin' circus had camped an' had had th' eppyzootick.

"There's on'y wan thing I can say in favor iv science."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"It's give us a good definse f'r our crimes," said Mr. Dooley. "F'r if we were started th' way th' Bible says we have wasted our opporchunities an' ought to be in jail; but if our ancesthors were what this scientist says they ar-re anny good lawyer cud get us off be pointin' out that with our bringin' up it's a miracle we ain't cannybals."

The eminent place in literature long occupied by Finley Peter Dunne as a humorist and as a keen and kindly critic of human foibles has been further strengthened by his series of articles now running exclusively in Liberty. Next week he reviews the Intimate Papers of Colonel House and the review is recommended as one of the master strokes of Mr. Dooley's pen.

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Old Loves

Pictures by
R. C. STRANG

What Man or Woman Can Escape Memories of a First Romance?

An Article by
MARY CLARE DAVRON

WHERE are the loves of yesteryear?

What happens to the fairy, fragrant thing called first love—or second or third—when it takes flight and goes whistling up the wind? Sometimes it is what we spend years trying to forget; often it is the background against which we write our lives.

Take that proud man walking grandly up the avenue. He is middle-aged, ponderous, and looks an important person. In large affairs of the town he is a man to be reckoned with.

The tall woman by his side is a banker's daughter whom he married in New York in his late thirties.

But walking on his other—and shall we say his dearer?—side is one whom you do not see. She has walked there for years and it is doubtful whether he is conscious of it now. That is little Susie Sanford—of South Bend or Smith Corners—whom he wanted but couldn't have.

Up to the time he met Susie he had been a slow, stodgy boy without an aim or ambition. But Susie woke him up. She was a fairy girl—glad, dancing, gay. And her smile has danced down the years in the memory of this substantial citizen.

Susie laughed at him and sent him on his way. Gradually she faded out of the consciousness she had awakened, but the exaltation remained. He strove on and upward. So at thirty-eight he was considered a splendid catch for the banker's daughter. Susie had done that with her provocative laugh and scornful eyes.

Of course we are not speaking here of the loves that end in marriage. We are considering only the unrequited or frustrated loves—blossoms that bloomed and died without fruition.

Take the case of Winston Hyers, scientist. Once in his college days he went down to New York and met Ruby Pope, musical-comedy star. She dazzled him completely. Something in the eyes of the shy, adoring youth caught her fancy—the fancy of the moment. She singled him out as the recipient of her bright, particular smiles for the evening. Then, because of the astonishment of her regular retinue of satellites, who twitted her on her change of taste, she did it again.

SHE was a flashing Spanish beauty—the spoiled darling of her set.

For a week the youth lived in paradise. He overstayed his leave from college, in fact thought seriously about abandoning it altogether and getting a job in New York. If a man married he certainly would need a job!

Then, as was inevitable, Miss Pope lost interest—was suddenly, frankly, and inexplicably bored. A new luminary took his place and the boy from up-State was consigned to oblivion. He went back to college and did not go to New York again until long after he had won his degree and a high place on the staff of a dignified institution. He never saw Ruby Pope again. Somehow he didn't want to. But——

His wife wonders why it is that whenever

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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ROPER GAS RANGES

[OLD LOVES Continued from Page Forty-three]

they come to New York her husband always insists upon going to a certain theater—no matter what happens to be playing there and even since it has been turned into a motion-picture house. She wonders why Winston never fails to include in his charities for the year a check for an actors' fund. "I could understand it, Winston," she once told him, "if any of your relations had ever been connected with the stage at any time."

Little loves, great loves! They have a way of shimmering forth unexpectedly at the oddest times and places. Then for the moment they transport us.

You, wise woman, when your husband smokes comfortably in his armchair before the fire, his head thrown back, his eyes closed—watch him some time. It may be that a smile will flicker across his face, as it does with babies when we say they are seeing angels.

Well, he is seeing angels too.

Little Susie Sanford—of South Bend, or Smith

"A sort of relation of mine once was," he answered ambiguously.

But some day she'll get the truth from him. And she will think none the less tenderly of this middle-aged Lochinvar of hers with his romance that warmed but did not warp.

Don't be alarmed, though. It is not disloyalty. Merely a vagrant thought that would obtrude itself into his after-dinner sense of well-being. Don't disturb him.

He has told you of that trip to South America—some of it. He has mentioned, too, a girl he met. She was a flashing Spanish beauty

—the spoiled darling of her set. With her, to ask was to receive. And they were scarcely on board, settled down for the long trip, when she met your Charles. She was completely bowled over. You can readily understand that when you remember how you yourself were captivated by his good looks.

They were together constantly during the trip. Sun God, she called him. The task of her duenna was no sinecure. Senorita was wilful—very. Then she would turn from the duenna to Charles, wanted the earth—ah, that was something! So when you call to him after a while and he opens startled eyes and looks at you as from a daze — be gentle with him. For a while he has been a Sun God — monarch of a kingdom where you are not admitted. Therefore it will take the nicest adjustment on your part to fit in smoothly where the dream breaks apart. A false move, the wrong word, and what might have been a smile for the pleasant reality of the present may be turned into a

Corners—whom he wanted but couldn't have.

her tones would change, her eyes would melt, and she would talk to him—cooing, coaxing, cajoling—perfumed language.

Gone—all gone, years ago; but pleasant thinking for a man's drowsy after-dinner hour. Sun God! To have been that even for a few weeks to a woman who sigh for the days that are no more.

And you yourself? Wasn't it only last week you did a little philandering of your own? You remember the day when small Gertrude expressed surprise because she had called you three times and you had failed to an-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Tell him I'm out"

SHE had seen him just in time . . . just in time to avoid another unpleasant afternoon. She couldn't dislike the man, yet she hated to be with him . . . hated to be seen with him. She wondered he did not suspect the reason she was so often "out."

* * *

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[OLD LOVES
Continued from Page Forty-five]

swer? "And you were looking right at me, mother," she reproached.

She was right. You had been tucking the baby into his crib when suddenly, from out of nowhere, there came an arresting thought. What would your destiny have been, what would you yourself be like, if instead of Charles you had married Gresham Pyle?

How attractive he had been! How immensely flattered you were that of all the girls at Placid that summer he had chosen you. And having chosen you how thoroughly and unmistakably he had fallen in love with you! He was by far the most eligible man at the resort that year. He had looks, family, money, position — all in great degree.

The thrill of his caring for you was intoxicating. You walked on air. How good-looking he was! Gorgeous dark beauty, with great melancholy eyes! And he was so tall he towered over all the other men.

He asked you to marry him. Breathlessly you said yes. And then persistently, you were troubled. You began to wish he'd smile a bit more. Once in a while when you said a thing you thought was rather good he would look at you in a bewildered way and wait—you could feel his patience—until your mood died down.

YOU were to have been married in the spring; but as spring came you felt a stifled feeling coming over you. You realized that the melancholy in Gresham's face went deeper than mere externals. He simply had no gayety, no resilience, no humor, and he didn't appreciate those qualities in other people. You could see he thought you would outgrow those "flights of foolishness," as he called them, when you felt gayly, joyously, and irresponsibly light-hearted and didn't care to whom you showed it.

So you began to check those little spontaneous outbursts that had been so much a part of you. Gresham was too obviously annoyed with them and his disapproval closed in around you like a smothering cloak. Of course it had to end. The world at large—your world—thought you were crazy. And you couldn't explain to them. But in your heart you knew. You could never, never conform to his arbitrary standards and so you sent him away.

But sometimes in your quiet moods the thought of him comes to you. You see his dark, handsome face in the moonlight; you hear his pleading voice, vibrant with seriousness; and deep down in you, you make him a little curtsy for the compliment he paid you. For you Gresham Pyle typifies, and always will, the thing people mean when they speak of romance.

There are loves that do not make such pleasant thinking as the years go by. Take the case of the man who fell suddenly in love with a girl he met at a party one night. She was joyous, brilliant, lovely, and he did not cease to marvel that she should reciprocate his feeling. Then he told his family that he was going to marry her.

Lightning, thunder, all Hades broke loose! She was ten years older than he, they said; she was of different religious faith; she was not of their set. His mother aged in a day. His sisters reproached him because he could treat their mother so cruelly. His father was sternly silent.

After a week he told the girl. Something in his way of telling it suddenly aroused her suspicion and she interrupted:

"And do you mean that for this—for them—you are giving me up?"

"Oh, Hallie, I don't want to! I love you—love you awfully, but——"

She waited for no more. She said very little; but one phrase stood out—has followed him through the years.

"Not man enough!"

LIKE a whiplash the stinging arraignment comes to torment him now and then. It was so palpably true.

He has not married, but the girl has—and by a strange coincidence a man who also was younger than herself, of different religion, and of unassailable social position.

The first man sees her now and then. She greets him as one would any casual acquaintance. But he can never be casual in her presence. Seared too deeply across palpitant tissue are the words:

"Not man enough!"

This man has his feminine counterpart in the woman who deliberately sacrifices better things for some marriage of convenience without love.

One such woman loved and was loved by a young lawyer who aside from the elements of decent manhood and boundless ambition had little to offer her.

She promised to marry him, and then one day she sent him back his ring and told him she had been quietly married the day before—to a rich old waster whom they both knew.

Some years later the jilted one married. One day his wife mentioned having seen the first woman driving through the Long Island town where they lived. "I think she knew the house, for down by the terrace where the children were playing she stopped and spoke to them."

"Pity lady cwied," lisped his four-year-old from where she sat playing on the floor.

Old loves! Ghosts, phantoms—dear things that linger with us like caresses from the years gone by! High lights in the humdrum course of existence. Honorable wounds, open or long since healed, but refusing to be forgotten.

THE END

Next Week Begins

FLYING DEATH

The new "thrill-a-minute" serial

By EDWIN BALMER

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We had lost two pilots in two days—our best flyers. At ten o'clock on Monday, Fred Selby had flown out to sea. Twenty minutes later, we found him under the wreck of his plane, afloat on the ocean. At ten o'clock on Tuesday, Billy Kent had flown to the same place in the sky. Something happened to him. He crashed into the sea, like Selby, and was killed.

We came upon Kent under the wreck of his plane. It was off Cape May, about fifty miles at sea.

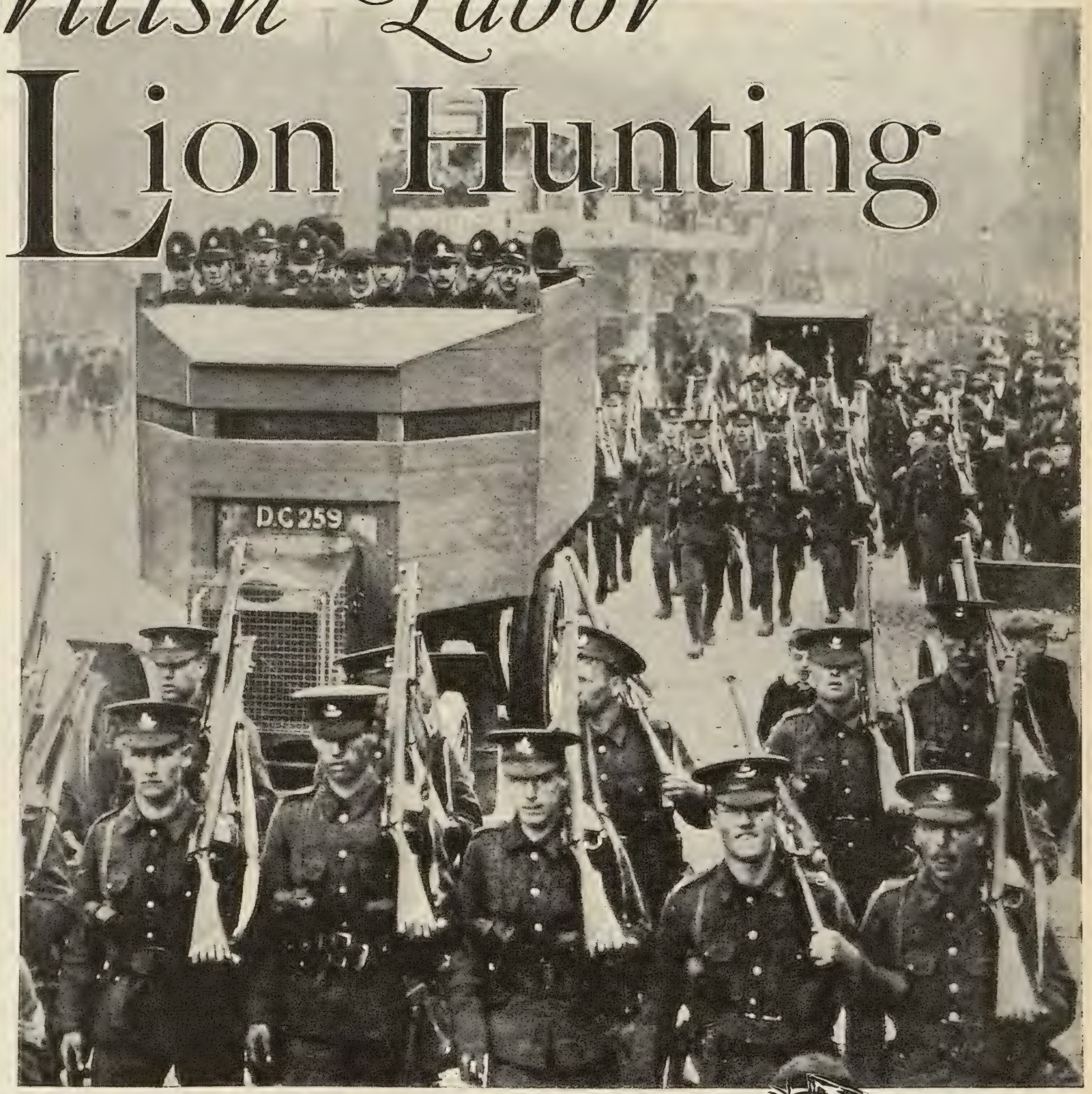
The right wing of the plane floated a couple of hundred yards away. I taxied toward it. Halfway there Pete sighted the glove; he stooped from the pontoon and picked it up.

It was a girl's gauntlet, you could see at a glance. The shape of her hand was in it, for the gray leather, though soft, was heavy enough to hold the form of slender, pretty fingers. . . .

Don't miss the beginning of this masterly tale of Love and Adventure in

NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

British Labor goes Lion Hunting



Armored motor wagons as they have been used to cope with British strikers.

Government Mobilizes to Avert National Chaos in Coal and Transportation Strike

By W. N. Ewer *and* John S. Steele

AMERICANS are apt to greet the threat of a big strike with a yawn. Having recently emerged from the most prolonged hard-coal strike in history with practically no slackening of industry and with little discomfort except that occasioned by soft-coal smoke, it is difficult to realize the menace of a similar strike in Great Britain.

But there is a difference. In Great Britain the miners have the solid support of the trade-unions. British labor as a whole forms an organized political unit. A general strike, such as is threatened for May, would mean total paralysis of industry and transport.

In these articles Liberty presents the views of the workers by a member of the Labor Party and also a general view by a trained American observer and writer who describes the government organization now mobilized to meet the emergency.

THE LABOR SIDE

By W. N. Ewer

THE month of May is full of portent for Great Britain. It is the zero hour that may open the bitterest industrial conflict the country will have known for many years. And it will—if it comes—be a conflict in which (as Lord Grey said

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[BRITISH LABOR GOES LION HUNTING Continued from Page Forty-seven]

to the Austrian Ambassador on the eve of the war), "irrespective of who are victors, many things may be swept away."

Do not imagine that British labor is in a revolutionary mood, or that the trade-union leaders, even of the left wing, are planning to drive the country into a crisis that would be the prelude to revolution. Nothing is further from their minds. But in a crisis events have a knack of taking the bit between their teeth.

PESSIMISTIC BORE (*who has been talking ever since the train started*): Mark my words, gentlemen, the next few weeks will see the greatest industrial upheaval this country has ever known. I ask you, can you point out a single encouraging sign in our present situation?
CHORUS OF VICTIMS: Yes, here's Waterloo, at last!
Leo Cheney in *The Passing Show* (London).

Suppose that last July the government had repeated, on that critical Friday afternoon, the refusal given in the morning to the suggestion of a subsidy for the mining industry. The mines would have shut down automatically; not some but all of them.

THE next day every railwayman, docker, and transport worker in the country would have refused to handle a single hundredweight of coal. Inevitably that would have brought, before the week-end was out, a complete tie-up of national transportation — which means a complete tie-up of industry. Great Britain would have been faced by a general strike. And three days of general strike might have brought—anything.

"Innocent as they were of any revolutionary purpose," wrote Mr. Brailsford, editor of *The New Leader,* the Labor Party's newspaper, "trade-union leaders none the less caught a glimpse of the instability of the present order of things. They looked down a vista, pondered, stood still, and waited."

And now the period of waiting is drawing to its close. The vista is opening again. For there was in July no settlement of the mines crisis, but only a postponement until May. And May is at hand.

If you listen to the gossip of the clubs or study the cartoons and editorials of the Conservative press, you will get an impression something like this:

"British industry is staggering under heavy burdens. We are paying our war debts to America. We are getting nothing from the Allies. Our annual taxation touches the colossal total of £900,000,000. Local taxation is intolerably heavy. The workers, especially in industries that are automatically sheltered from foreign competition, demand excessively high wages and unduly short hours. They are forbidden by their trade-unions to work as hard as they should.

"Under such conditions it is impossible for us to compete successfully in the world market. Trade falls off and unemployment is rife. The unemployed, living comfortably on the dole and on large supplementary grants of outdoor relief, do not want to work.

"There can be no remedy until the workers realize that prosperity can be based only on increased production, and that they must work harder and longer and, where necessary, for lower wages in order that the industrialists may be able to reduce costs, recapture the lost markets, and absorb the unemployed.

"But, misled by agitators (some, at any rate, of whom are plentifully supplied with money from Moscow), they refuse to do this. Instead they actually demand higher wages. And so a situation is created in which there can be no hope for the industrial future of Great Britain unless and until the trade-unions are persuaded or coerced into a saner realization of hard fact."

That, I think, is a view with which you in America have been made pretty well acquainted. You are, I fancy, not so well acquainted with the case as it presents itself to the mind

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT].

of the average intelligent worker.

He knows, in the first place, that a great deal of this employers' argument is frankly rubbish—based either on culpable ignorance or on calculated dishonesty. He knows, for example, that it is a malignant lie that the unemployed live comfortably on the dole. He knows—quite probably by hard experience—that the dole for a man and wife amounts to the princely sum of twenty-three shillings [about $5.50] a week, and that this, even when supplemented by relief from the Guardians, represents not comfort but grinding poverty.

The worker knows the pitiable lot of his unemployed mates. He knows that the dole is not a dole at all, but benefit from an insurance fund to which the worker himself has contributed. He feels the gibes and jeers at the dole-takers as insults to himself and his class from people who have never known either poverty or hunger.

Nor is he impressed when he is told that, as a result of the war, the country is poorer, and that therefore he must reduce his standard of living and must work harder for less pay.

For the fact is that the standard of living of the employing class has not fallen but has risen.

Statistics support the workers' contention. The taxable income of the richer classes does not decline—and everybody knows that real incomes are vastly greater than those presented to the tax collectors. During the past four years (according to the *Economist's* analysis of some thousand representative companies) profits have increased by fifty per cent, while wages have been cut and cut again.

THE worker is not impressed by the argument that if he will submit to wage cuts it will be possible to increase staffs and so to provide work for the unemployed. On that plea in 1921 and 1922 the employers secured the consent of the unions to swinging wage reductions. But the promised increase in employment never materialized. The men are not in the mood to be fooled twice.

So, too, with the appeal to increase production per head. They have learned by hard experience that the only and immediate result has been that the employers have accumulated big stocks and have then closed down or stood men off while they unloaded them.

The average wage of the mine workers over the whole of Great Britain today is only forty-eight shillings and sixpence [about

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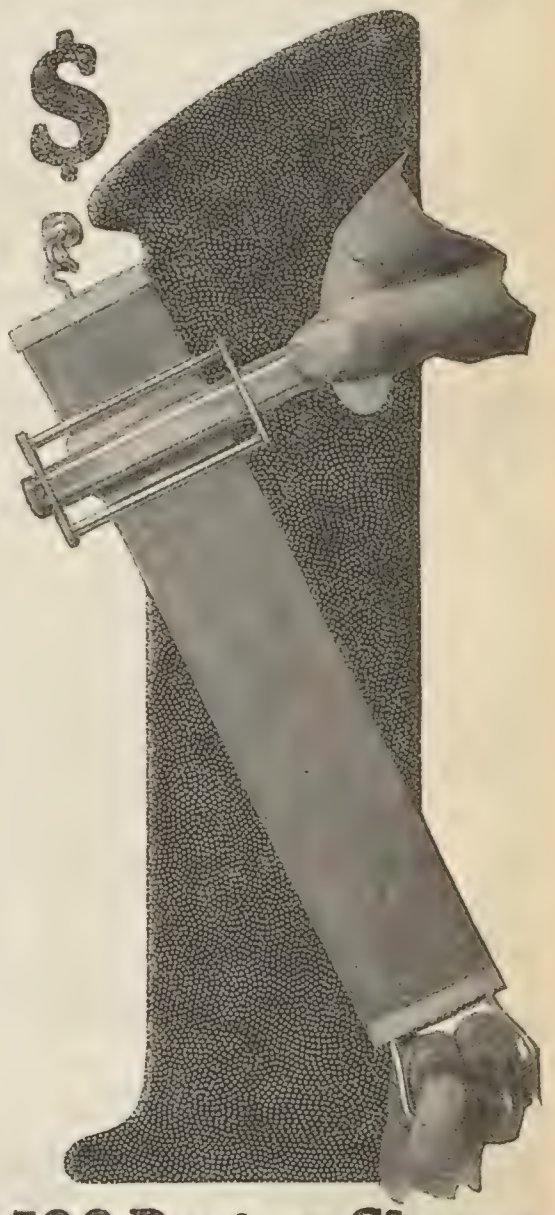
A prospective danger point—when troops pass a meeting being addressed by agitators.

Ingersoll DOLLAR STROPPING OUTFIT



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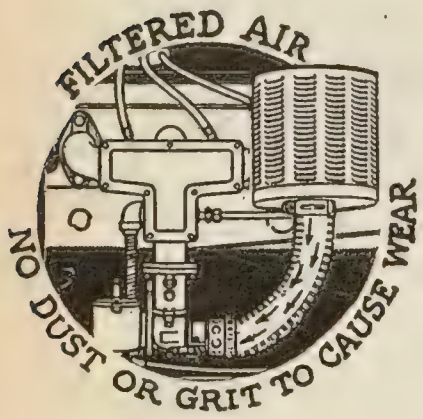
98% of the dust, dirt and grit that gets into the oil and wears out moving parts of the motor comes in with the 9,000 gallons of air that pass through the carburetor with every gallon of gas.



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[BRITISH LABOR GOES LION HUNTING Continued from Page Forty-nine]

$11.75] a week, and even from this there are deductions in many cases. And that is the average. Thousands of individual miners are receiving thirty shillings [about $7.25] a week and less.

IT is these wage rates that the mine owners declare to be impossibly high and which they want to reduce by amounts varying from five to fifteen shillings a week. Is it any wonder that the men have set their teeth and declared that the thing is impossible?

But, comes the owners' answer, it is no use saying that it is impossible. It is inevitable. The alternative to wage cuts is to close down more and more pits and to throw thousands more men out of work. Which is better? Low wages or none at all?

That may sound plausible enough. But in three official inquiries the miners' representatives have been able to show that profits have been concealed by financial arrangements between the actual operating companies and subsidiary or allied undertakings in the same ownership; that they have been reduced by the creation of fictitious capital; and that there has been distribution of dividends in good times without reserves for the lean years.

Seven years ago the Sankey Commission reported that "the present system of ownership and working in the coal industry stands condemned, and some other system must be substituted for it, either nationalization, or a method of unification by national purchase, or by joint control."

The government declared that it has adopted this report "in spirit and in letter."

But from that day to this nothing has been done. "In spite of the condemnation by the 1919 Commission," said the evidence submitted to the Samuel Commission last winter by the Miners' Federation, "the reorganization has been sabotaged and the miners, after successive struggles against the mine owners and the governments which carried out the wishes of the mine owners, have been driven down to a level worse than that which was universally condemned in 1919."

Seven years ago, say the miners, it was decided that the industry must be reorganized. You have done nothing in those seven years. And now you come to us and tell us that, because you have neglected your duty, our wages must be cut. We cannot accept that. We have made sacrifice enough.

That, in brief, is the miners' stand. And if owners and government remain obdurate, if it comes to a fight to maintain that stand, the miners will have the whole trade-union movement solidly behind them.

For the other unions know perfectly well that the miners' fight is their fight; that the attack on the miners' wages, if it succeeds, will develop into another general attack on all wages. Already the mine owners have demanded that railway wages shall be reduced in order to lower the costs of coal transport.

The employers in other industries are saying that the burdens under which they work are intolerable, that they cannot carry on unless wages are reduced. To them Labor returns the same answer as the miners to the mine owners. Industry is bled by the middleman. It is bled by the financiers. Every economist is agreed that the troubles of our export trade during the post-war period have been due in very large measure to the artificial forcing of the sterling rate of exchange back to parity. But the big financial houses and the big holders of sterling securities demanded that this be done. And it has been done, to their great gain, at the cost of immeasurable suffering to thousands of workers to whom it has meant successive wage cuts and chronic unemployment.

So it goes on. There is agreement between the two sides that industries are in a bad way. On that there is no possibility of disagreement. But whereas the employers assert that the remedy is the reduction of wages, the workers retort that it lies in the reduction of the tolls extorted under various guises by the employing mercantile and financial classes.

There is the issue—a clear-cut one that cannot be evaded. In the mining industry it cannot even be postponed. If the government, seeing wisdom at the eleventh hour, takes in hand the reorganization of the mining industry and carries out the pledges given seven years ago, there will be peace in May.

But if it yields once more to the pressure of the mine owners, it will inevitably precipitate a conflict of which no man can foresee the consequences.

The government has had until May to make up its mind. The hour is at hand.

THE GOVERNMENT'S STAND

By John S. Steele

If the worst fears of Britons are justified and May sees the beginning of a great labor strug-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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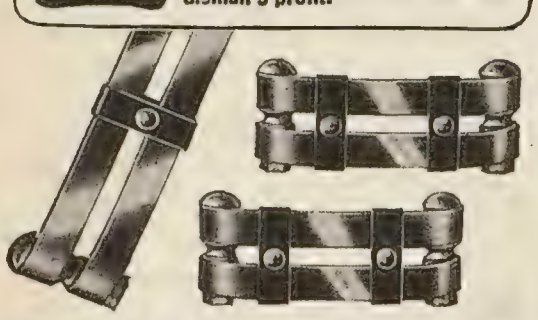

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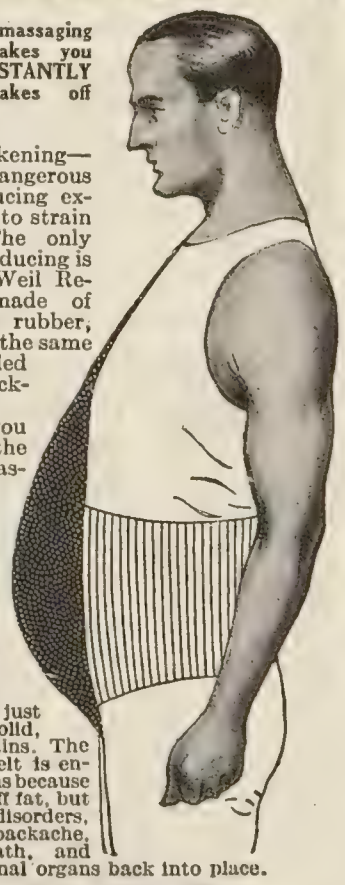

DIET is weakening—drugs are dangerous—strenuous reducing exercises are liable to strain your heart. The only safe method of reducing is massage. The Weil Reducing Belt, made of special reducing rubber, produces exactly the same results as a skilled masseur, only quicker and cheaper.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

gle, it will not find the nation unprepared. However bitter the struggle may be, there is no likelihood that the population will suffer anything worse than inconvenience.

It will be surprising to Americans to learn that strike-breaking is almost unknown in England and that as a corollary there is very little violence even in connection with the most hotly fought labor wars. The reason for this lies to some extent in the more complete organization of British labor, but far more in the fact that the population of England is homogeneous.

The employer is fighting for lower wages or against an increase and the workman for more or to maintain what he has; but neither regards the other as a different kind of animal, which is too often the case in American labor disputes. Each recognizes that the general public has rights that must be respected.

Having said all this it is necessary to add that since the war and the Russian revolution a new element has been injected into the situation. This is the small communist section of labor under the influence of Moscow that is out to destroy all industry with the hope of provoking a revolution.

This little group, however, has an influence altogether out of proportion to its numbers. To most of them communism is a religion. They have obtained an undue proportion of executive posts in the great trade-union movement. The ordinary conservative workman is far more interested in cricket or football or horse-racing or, if he is a miner, in whippet racing. The communist is always on the spot and willing—nay, eager—to work. He gets the jobs and having got them fulminates against the social system apparently with all the authority of the great trade-union of which he is secretary or chairman behind him.

The most conspicuous instance of this is A. J. Cook, secretary of the Miners' Federation. Cook is a communist. The miners are not communists, but so long as Cook does his job well they won't bother to throw him out.

COOK'S case is typical of communist cleverness in getting hold of the key positions. There is no trade in England in which there are greater potentialities of serious trouble than in mining. To begin with, the industry is bankrupt and the men are underpaid. The employers admit that this is so, but they point out that they cannot pay a living wage and compete in the world market.

The men know that the owners lack the money to pay them a fair wage, but they also know that they cannot live decently on what they are getting. In this impasse the government stepped in and offered a subsidy to the mine owners, not to enable them to pay better wages, but to enable them to carry on at the existing rates.

THIS subsidy was proclaimed as a stop-gap to tide over the interval until a royal commission, which was appointed at the same time to investigate the industry, could finish its inquiries and report. The subsidy expires in May and this is the reason why England has looked forward to May with dread.

Here we have a situation that is full of dynamite. The miners are discontented with their lot and, most Englishmen admit, justly so. Their organization is in the hands of one of England's leading communists who can be relied on to do all in his power to foment trouble. They are allied with the railroad men and transport workers and the first effort to move a pound of coal, if the miners strike, will lead to a nation-wide strike in these industries.

Food and fuel will be immobilized; and when it is realized that England relies for at least half of her food on supplies imported from abroad, the seriousness of the situation is apparent. With a complete tie-up of transport activities England would starve.

The first realization of England's danger in the event of a great transport strike came in what was known as the Triple Alliance Strike in 1919. The miners, railwaymen, and transport workers threatened a national stoppage. Before peace came the government had organized a supply service on national lines. It remained for the present Conservative government to complete the organization, which is now ready to function at a moment's notice.

The first step in case of a nation-wide strike is for the King in Council, which in practice means the Cabinet, to declare the existence of a state of national emergency as provided for in an act passed in 1920. The moment this is done regulations will be broadcast and ten members of the Cabinet will take up their posts as civil commissioners in the ten districts into which England and Wales have been divided. It will be their duty to organize local services and to maintain supplies.

The enrollment of volunteers is now going on actively all over the country. In addition to this the Organization for the Maintenance

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CHAMPION NATIONAL CHANGE WEEK

MAY 2 to 9

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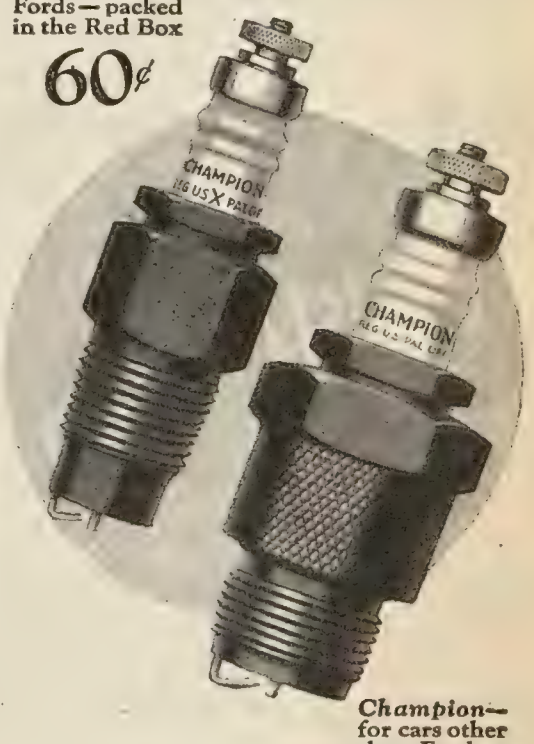

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Hundreds of thousands of motorists will make certain of better engine performance for another year by installing new spark plugs during Champion National Change Week, May 2 to 9. If you have used your spark plugs more than 10,000 miles, install a full set of dependable Champions *now*. They will bring back engine power and speed, forestall tinkering and costly repairs; and save their cost many times over in less oil and gas used.

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Bigger Pay This Year for Men Who Read This Ad

Let Me Make You a Master Salesman!

This New Easy Way

I DON'T care what you are now or what you think. The Association of which I am president will take you in short, easy steps and make a Master Salesman of you, put you in the same class with the big pay men who have all the good things of life.

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If you are as intelligent as the ordinary mechanic, postal clerk or stenographer, you can quickly master the simple A B C's of selling. There are certain ways of approaching a prospect to get his undivided attention, certain ways to stimulate keen interest, certain ways to overcome objection, batter down prejudices, outwit competition and make the prospect act.

You can learn these principles at home in a short period of pleasant, inspiring study. And once you have mastered these secrets of Master Salesmanship, you can take advantage of the employment department of the Association without charge. This is a real opportunity, for during the last year the Association received calls for 49,880 salesmen from the biggest sales organizations in America.

The book you see below has been the starting point for thousands of men who are now successful salesmen. This book, "Modern Salesmanship," is now FREE, and will be sent to every man who fills out and returns the coupon below.

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If I were asking ten or twenty dollars for this book you might hesitate. But I am not. It is Free. And since it may mean the turning point in your life, it certainly is worth the two cents you will have to spend to get this amazing book and read for your self the astonishing facts given between its two covers. You have everything to gain and not one cent to lose, so mail the coupon today, sure.

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Send me FREE your book "Modern Salesmanship" and proof that I can become a Master Salesman.

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City.....State.....

Age.....Occupation.....

[BRITISH LABOR GOES LION HUNTING
Continued from Page Fifty-one]

of Supply has been formed. The maintenance of law and order is also being provided for by the government. In emergencies special constables would relieve the uniformed police of routine duties, leaving them free for protecting the workers.

What is the prospect of this elaborate organization being called into being in May? I believe that the danger is past. Wild words from some of the labor leaders have awakened the responsible men on both sides to the dangers they were facing. Great coal owners like Lord Londonderry and labor leaders like J. H. Thomas of the Railwaymen and Herbert Smith of the Yorkshire Miners have been working like Trojans for peace.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Wind Her Up Again, Mamma!

Patricia has a number of mechanical toys with which she plays all day long. One afternoon the family cat seemed to have eaten something that disagreed with her and began a mad race around the room, over tables, chairs, beds, and up onto the bookcases. While her mother became frightened and jumped on a chair, out of the way of the flying cat, Patricia gleefully cried: "Goodie, goodie, mamma! Wind her up again, wind her up again!"—G. O. F., Omaha, Neb.

* * *

He Was Perfectly Right

Johnny, a sweet little boy of five, who had two sisters smaller than himself and two brothers older, met a neighbor (myself) who had only one small child. I liked the little boy very much and I asked him: "Won't you come and live with me and be a brother to my little son?"

In a frightened voice he replied: "Oh, please, I don't think my father would let me."

Jokingly I said: "I don't see why not; your daddy has two more boys and two girls, and he can spare you easily."

After a moment's worried hesitation Johnny replied: "Daddy won't let me go, 'cause, you see, I'se the only one he's got of *me*."—F. G. C., Boston, Mass.

* * *

An Excellent Accident

Five-year-old Louise brought home her first report card from school, not understanding what it was. Her mother explained: "It shows what you've been doing in school. It says 'Good' and one 'Excellent.'"

Louise, not knowing the meaning of the word excellent, said: "Oh, yes, I know what the accident was. I ate my apple in school."—G. W. T., Neosho, Mo.

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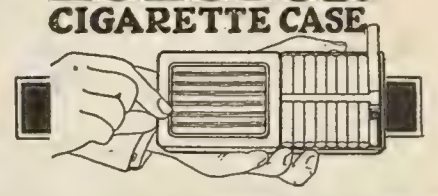

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Can Babe Ruth Come Back?

Baseball's Bad Boy Presents the Season's Snappiest Speculation

An Article by

Hugh Fullerton

© Paul Thompson

THE King of Swat swatting.

CAN Babe Ruth, the Bad Boy of Baseball, come back?

Ruth, having been spanked, feeling his crown slipping, has made the most determined effort of his life to reform and regain his place as the greatest ball player in the world.

Upon his effort depends, to a large extent, the success of the New York Yankees in the pennant race of 1926, the outcome of the American League race, and, to a lesser extent, the prosperity of professional baseball.

It means millions of dollars to the Yankees and other clubs. But, overshadowing that in the interest of baseball fans, it means whether the greatest hero of the game can climb back to his pedestal or whether he is to be just another example of the star eclipsed by the bright lights.

Ruth—having thrown away more than a quarter of a million dollars, having been fined more than the average man makes in a lifetime, for violating the rules of his club; with health almost ruined and blamed for the wreck of a great ball club—has reformed again. He says seriously that he sees now what a "sap," a "boob," and a "sucker" he has been.

He has worked this winter as he never has worked before, with a determination to fight his way back to physical condition to play the "game of his life" during the coming season.

Huggins, manager of the Yankees, fined Ruth nine thousand dollars one time, five thousand dollars another, and several times one thousand dollars. His suspensions without pay have cost him perhaps twenty-five thousand dollars more. Besides, as Babe says, he fined himself twenty-five thousand dollars last fall by refusing to play exhibitions.

The big fellow seems sincere. When the season ended last year, he went hunting in Canada, and was so weak he could hardly stand the hardships. But he came through. Then he went into a New York gymnasium and worked three hours a day. He dieted, obeyed orders, and cut his weight down to the finest he has been in years. He had but one slip, and that brief, during the winter. He was converted.

Last fall, when Manager Huggins suspended and fined him, Babe was not at all convinced he had done wrong.

Babe's standpoint is not ours, and few understand him. For, besides being the greatest batter and the biggest attraction in baseball, he furnishes one of the most interesting studies of human beings. Lovable, big hearted, simple, careless, reckless, easily led, seldom thinking or caring of consequences, Ruth is just a big, overgrown, naughty boy.

The boy who came from a reform school and rose to the greatest heights and the highest salary in baseball is interesting, no matter what he does. Babe's naughtiness has such a human quality and he errs so humanly and frankly, it must be as hard for managers and owners to punish him as it is for a parent to spank a mischievous child.

Nor is it fair to Ruth to judge him as you would judge other ball

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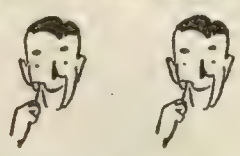

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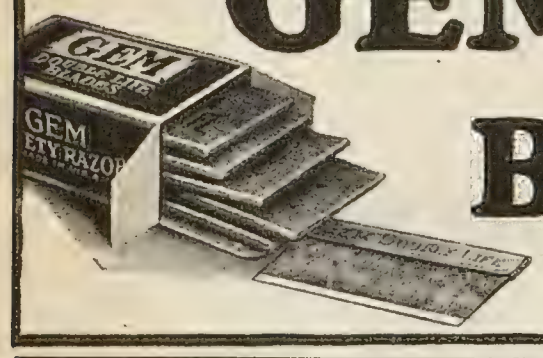

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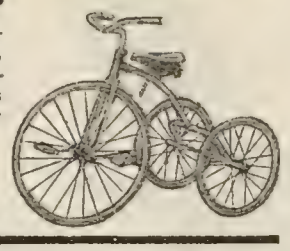

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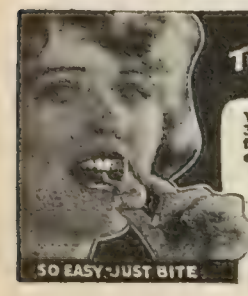

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[CAN BABE RUTH COME BACK? Continued from Page Fifty-three]

players. He is different: a genius. If you know the story of Babe's life perhaps you will be better able to understand and judge him.

Ruth was born thirty-two years ago. His father was a butcher; a violent tempered, strong, and rough man. Babe's early childhood was one of pathos.

WHEN he was seven years old he was taken to St. Mary's Industrial Home in Baltimore, a home school under the control of a brotherhood. The baseball reporters usually speak of the home as if it were some sort of a college. Babe uses no such camouflage.

"It was a reform school—and that's all there is to it," he says. "But it wasn't a place boys were sent for punishment. They were sent there for training. The brothers did everything in their power to bring out all the good there was in a boy and give him a chance."

Babe grew up in that school. He learned what he wanted to learn, but was not interested. But on the playground, with a baseball bat, Ruth become a leader—confident, aggressive. The inferiority complex resulting from his home surroundings and the classroom disappeared. He developed.

In the school was an excellent man, Brother Ben, who knew sports—and boys. As Ruth developed into the best ball player, the best pitcher, the best hitter in the school, the brother watched and coached and encouraged him. Probably never before had Ruth been flattered, nor had he received any special attention. He became a wonderful player. When twelve years old he was as well developed as a boy of sixteen and excelled older boys at baseball.

In 1913 Babe had developed into a magnificent left-handed pitcher, rather wild, inclined to fight on the ball field (unless the brothers were watching), untamed, undisciplined; like a half-broken cub let loose.

Brother Ben believed Babe was destined to be a star, and some of these Catholic educators are as good judges of ball players as anyone in the world. Brother Ben asked Jack Dunn, manager of the Baltimore International League Club, to give Ruth a trial.

DUNN is a clever baseball man. He went out to a game at the school, and, before five innings had been played, was enthusiastic about Ruth. He tied Babe in an agreement to play ball for him the next year, and in 1914, when Ruth was just turned eighteen, he was in a Baltimore uniform.

Babe did not remain with Baltimore long, as before the season was half over he was sold to the Boston American League team for ten thousand dollars, and, after a few days there, was sent to the Providence team for further seasoning. He did not remain long at Providence. His pitching was remarkable, and before the end of the season he was recalled to Boston.

He leaped into the limelight in 1915, winning eighteen and losing only seven games and batting .315. His work greatly aided the Red Sox in winning their championship

P. & A. Photo

The Bambino's happy smile when he can chat with the kids.

of the American League and in capturing the world's championship.

In Boston Ruth met an influence, perhaps the best and greatest of his life, in Bill Carrigan, the manager. Carrigan showed how easily Ruth could be handled by those who understood him. His devotion to and his faith in Carrigan was that of a small boy in his father. He seemed to spend time trying to find out what Carrigan might want him to do in order that he might do it.

Here is an incident which throws a sidelight on his character. It was during one of the world's series in which Babe had been a hero of one game which the Red Sox had won before a big gathering. That afternoon I was kept late at the baseball park, and the crowd had cleared away. It was dusk before my work as a newspaper correspondent was done.

International

Babe in spring training, with rubber coat and eye shade.

A FRIEND and I started to walk downtown. In a vacant lot a quarter of a mile from the park a swarm of small boys were yelling and shouting in great excitement. We stopped to watch them, and there was Babe, a bat in his hands, showing the kids how to hit a ball. He had stopped after all the plaudits of a world's series to play ball with the boys. Yet they wonder why he is an idol of the youngsters!

That love of youngsters and love of baseball are his two great traits. He never cared for money; doesn't now. I have a suspicion he never would even have argued about salary if his "friends' had left him alone.

From the time he broke into the big league Ruth always wanted to play regularly. He was a fairly capable outfielder, a good thrower, fast when under way though a little awkward. He also wanted to play first base, and was a fair, but never competent, first baseman.

In 1920 Ruth came into his own. Harry Frazee, who owned the Boston club, sold him to the New York Yankees for a sum reputed to be one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the highest price ever paid for the services of an athlete. Becoming a New Yorker was perhaps the worst (and, in another way, the best) thing that could have happened to Ruth.

New York is a hero-worshiping city, and Babe was installed on Broadway's pedestal.

Ruth held his head fairly well in the face of the constant press agenting, and he didn't swell up. In fact, Babe never has had a case of swelled head, and he always has been the same easy-going fellow. He has had rows with umpires, tiffs with President Johnson of the American League, clashes with the owners of the club, and with Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, High Commissioner of Baseball.

Ruth created a sensation by his hitting in 1920, and in 1921 leaped to the climax of his fame. With the lively ball in play he started "crashing," and changed the entire game of baseball, upset all dope, ran up the amazing total of fifty-nine home runs in the season, and inaugurated an orgy of long-distance hitting such as never before was known.

BABE'S money is a constant source of trouble to him. Sharpers and gamblers have preyed on him. In the spring of 1923, while he was in training camp at New Orleans, a girl he couldn't even remember sued him for fifty thousand dollars. Babe says he has lost and been defrauded of more than a quarter of a million dollars.

Nor do the ordinary rules of condition seem to fit him. Two springs when he worked and devoted himself to training he played bad ball and failed to hit. Once, in disgust over a hitting slump, he went out, mopped up a lot of drinks, stayed out all night, and that afternoon crashed out two home runs, one the longest ever hit at the Polo Grounds.

Queer thing about Ruth's hitting ability: his eyes are not good and they are out of focus. He

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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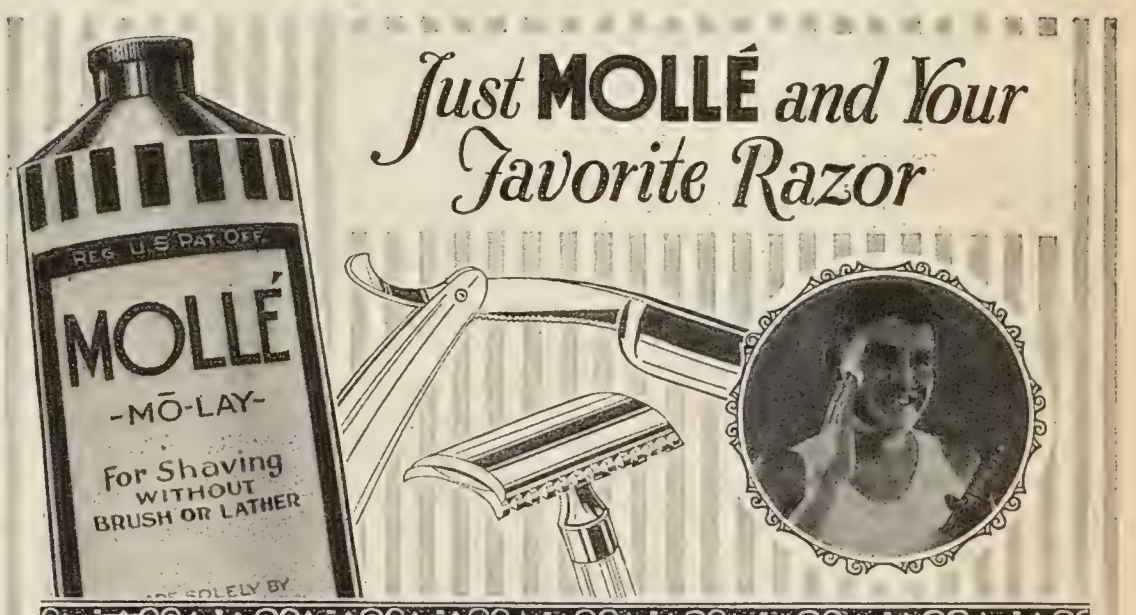

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[CAN BABE RUTH COME BACK? Continued from Page Fifty-five]

cannot read much without blurred vision, and the doctors do not dare change the focus, for fear they may spoil his batting eye. So, Babe doesn't read much—and, perhaps, it is just as well he doesn't read what has been said recently about him. To use his own words:

"When they're off me, they're off me; and when they're on me, they're on me. I'll tell the world they are."

A CARELESS, reckless, innocent-minded, overgrown boy and always trying to please where small boys are concerned. At Scranton, Pennsylvania, he once umpired a game between two kid teams and had to be rescued by the police when more than ten thousand of them crowded around trying to shake hands with him.

He has one of his own, by the way—Dorothy. His first two children died in early infancy, and when the third was born he and his wife kept it a secret. The baby was more than a year old before the reporters or the public knew about it. Then Babe had forgotten when she was born, and someone made a mystery of it. Babe said Dorothy was born February 2, 1921, while his wife said June 7, 1921.

Perhaps never in his spectacular career has Babe started a season with such good prospects as he did last year. The team seemed as strong as ever; Ruth went early to Hot Springs and started work at his usual gait, sweating and working off pounds of surplus flesh. He flopped with the flu, recovered, and settled down to work. He seemed in better condition than ever, but continued to eat, drink, and work at a rate that took toll of his reserve powers. At Asheville he collapsed and became desperately ill. He started for New York, fell while on the train, arrived in New York in convulsions, and was hurried to a hospital.

There were many stories printed about what caused Ruth's collapse. One was that he ate a huge beefsteak, fried potatoes, a couple of chops, on top of a lot of whisky. Bob Boyd, a New York baseball writer, who ate with him, said Babe consumed a very light meal—toast and eggs—and was too sick to tackle much. Whatever the cause, Babe was a very sick man.

Ruth's collapse wrecked the Yankee team for 1925. Deprived of Ruth's great hitting power, which meant an average of nearly two runs a game during a season, the team went to pieces, became discouraged, and steadily fell behind.

P. & A. Photo

Down in Florida this spring, on the bench with Miller Huggins.

MANY of Ruth's critics have scolded and talked about how much money the club has invested in him and paid him and how much he owes it. From a purely financial standpoint, Ruth doesn't owe the Yankees a cent. He has been the best investment they ever made. He has drawn hundreds of thousands of dollars into their treasury and revived baseball when it was terribly sick.

Ruth, however, owes the ball fans, the public, and the kids a lot. He realizes that. He says very earnestly he intends to be good, to come back, and to show them all.

It will be interesting to see whether Ruth makes good again or whether he becomes a cast-off, as so many of the old-time stars of baseball have after quitting the diamond.

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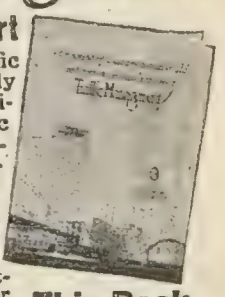

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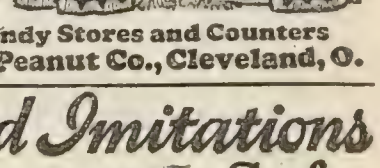

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Venture

The Short Story of a Man Who Followed His Wife's Advice

By

DELOS W. LOVELACE

Pictures by
GEORGE W. GAGE

"ANYTHING'S better than paying the rent we do. . . . That can't go on."

ALL along the several miles of boulevard to his tucked-away flat in the heart of the city, Joe Lamp poured into the air his plain opinion of Porlin.

He was furious. This was exactly the sort of jam he had told Ruth she would start. Boiling Battle Creek! A fellow might as well jump in the lake as take his wife's advice!

He strode into the living-room with a scowl upon his thin, dark face. Ruth had been known to submit in proper wifely awe to anger.

"Well," he blurted, tossing over a long legal sheet, "it's all off. That's Porlin's best offer. It's impossible."

If you are sore, show it! That was Joe Lamp's motto. Plain as a pikestaff! And his jutting jaw seemed made for such a policy. His nervous body, too, seemed constructed to fall into quivering passions. It was only when his humorful mouth broke into a smile that one realized all this external vehemence did not reveal a man of wrath but only a highly strung temperament.

Ruth looked up questioningly from little Joe, who continued to dig his ferocious red face into her breast. Her eyes were so pleasantly blue that, for the thousandth time, Joe marveled that a woman could be so delightful and at the same time so stubborn.

After a moment she went to lean against the buffet to read Porlin's offer.

"It is pretty hard," she admitted. "Couldn't you get anybody else to back us?"

Joe lowered his eyelids to conceal elation.

"Not a soul," he replied with triumphant pessimism. "The Building and Loan Association was our only hope. And they're shy because we're building outside the city limits. They're afraid that if—I mean when—we fail, they'll be stuck with a house they can't sell."

"Well," said Ruth, after a long inspection of the floor, "then I guess we'll have to take Porlin's offer."

"What!" Joe shouted. She was going to be stubborn.

Ruth's nod was one of unperturbed decision.

"Anything's better than paying the rent we do. It was twenty-five four years ago. And now it's fifty-five. That can't go on."

Joe's frown fell impotently upon her back; she had turned to take from the buffet drawer a square of linen in embroidery hoops. That sent his thoughts off at a grudging tangent.

Not many wives like her, at that: never wasting time; always fussing with a towel, a napkin, a table spread, or whatever it was she had picked up at the last bargain sale.

But why, he returned to his grievance, wouldn't she stick to such work, as a wife ought, and not interfere in what was so plainly his end?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[VENTURE
Continued from Preceding Page]

"Now, see here, Muggins! You just don't understand." A woman couldn't have any head for business; he'd be patient. "You say, 'We've got to build a house of our own.' But that's easier said than done when all we have is a lot thirteen r. iles from the City Hall and two hundred and fifty dollars. Now looky!

"Even after we have spent all our money putting up some sort of shack to start in—some shack it'll be for two hundred and fifty dollars!—Porlin'll give us only four hundred dollars' credit at his lumber yard; and that at seven per cent plus three. And we have to pay one-twelfth of the bill, with interest, every month.

"Get this, too! With our note we give a deed to our place; and whenever we fall four payments behind, the whole becomes due; and if it isn't paid the deed can be filed in Porlin's name. And—bingo! Like that!—we haven't any more house than a jack rabbit. Of course we'll fall behind. I run into a lay-off dull times. You know that."

RUTH'S ivory cheeks colored with a determined flame.

"Look, Joe!" she said, and held up her piece of linen. "I started making things like this for our home four years ago. I said I'd never use one of them until we got it. I've a trunkful now."

"But, Ruth," cried Joe, taking a new tack, "think of the Bug! He can't live like an Indian. And any place we can build will have nothing but stove heat for two years. We'll freeze in winter."

Ruth flexed a round white arm.

"I'm pretty healthy," she decided. "And my mother used stoves. Yours did, too."

She continued, before Joe could point out how silly that argument was:

"The trouble with us, Joe, is we think we need gas ranges and steam heat and electric lights and patent washers. I don't know about your people, but the family I come from managed pretty well without.

"Great-grandfather Ezery walked all the way down from Canada with two thousand dollars in a money belt, bought land, walked back, put his family behind a team of mules, and came on again and settled."

"Any day," Joe retorted, "that the Ezerys were better men than the Lamps! Didn't my great-grandfather drive a yoke of oxen all the way from Pennsylvania?"

"Well," Ruth challenged, "he survived. What makes his great-grandson so afraid of roughing it a little?"

"Afraid!" roared Joe. "Afraid! Me afraid? Look here, Ruth! If you think I'm afraid, you're off. I ain't afraid of anything. Bring on your house! Boiling Battle Creek! Bring it on!"

Joe tried to check himself, but the fatal oil of anger loosened his tongue, even while his heart sank.

Joe knew he was caught by the sparkle in Ruth's laugh as she flung exuberant arms around him.

They moved three weeks later to a glaringly new, boxlike structure. Ruth asserted they were going to independence; but Joe found no joy in the journey. He could think only of Porlin as the fat pink man had stood in his office door when Joe rattled away after signing the contract. It was just as the boys at the shop had warned—Porlin was a bloodsucker.

Staring at the box from the big black fliv, his arms full of little Joe, who stared too, Joe groaned.

LOOK which way he would, he saw no sign of habitation nearer than the Seven Mile Road, where the car line ended. For at least six miles in three directions—he ignored the homes of four truck gardeners, one within a mile—he found nothing save his own box; and that was lost in flat fields that stretched endlessly.

On the fourth side he grudgingly conceded signs of civilization. In that direction, twenty rods away, ran the interurban highway, where busses operated on a half-hour schedule.

It was an oblong box, twenty-six feet by thirty-two, set on the eastern half of a hundred-foot lot. The box had four windows, more being prohibitively costly. The sides of the box were covered with siplap. Through this the light gleamed as if to warn of the freezing drafts winter would bring. There were many cracks, too, in the roughly boarded roof that cried for shingles.

To Joe's amazement, Ruth, instead of sharing his dismay, caught little Joe and began dancing around. Her blue eyes were brighter than the sunny summer sky.

"Joe!" she cried. "Our own home!"

You'd think it was the King of France's castle!

"Joe! Now we can have a garden—greens galore, potatoes, cabbages, carrots, turnips, beets, lettuce—everything!"

She caught his hand and ran with him into the house by the usable rear door. There was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"YOU stick with me, honey, and we'll go through like a cyclone."

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

another door in front, but no steps led up to it.

The furniture lay helter-skelter just as the van men had dropped it among the scraps left by the carpenters. Ruth had hired them. She had found that it would cost more to have Joe lay off to do the initial building.

Up from the floor, amid tables and chairs, extended the studding outlining the four planned rooms. The skeleton, as it were, of the living-room stretched across the front of the box. Upon the long side of this was one of the precious windows. Back from it stretched the dining-room, with one window. Off the dining-room was the bedroom, with one window also. Back of the dining-room was the kitchen with the fourth window. The bathroom was to be built later.

In silent disgust, Joe yanked the Bug's crib from a pile of bedding, tumbled him into it, and attacked the furniture.

HE was still at work when night stole softly down. Night had always meant to him the hard glare of the corner arc lights and the peek-a-boo revelations from adjacent flat windows.

Now, when his chance glance encountered a soft blue-blackness, he started in amazement. Upon an impulse he went out of doors.

Before his discovering eyes the vast circles of fields which had been green lay black. The pale gold semicircle of the moon hung part-way up a back drop of deepest blue. Countless little stars danced around it.

Accustomed to the brief span of heaven permitted by narrow streets and closely set houses, Joe stared doubtfully. But no! There were, actually, that many stars. Beneath the gold-speckled blue cloak he felt an easy peace. His pugnacious jaw relaxed in a contentment which attended him as he went slowly back into the house.

There it vanished. Ruth was lighting the lamps. Joe winced. Lamps! And for years he had felt cheap, out of date, in any flat lacking electricity.

The next evening, when he drove from work, Ruth met him with a proud air. In the manner of a blue-ribbon exhibitor she waved a hand. Looking into the box Joe had to admit that, considering her handicap, she had done a job.

Blankets, a la tapestry, gave privacy to the bedroom. Through the interstices of the studding one saw from end to end of the remainder of the house, as through slats in a picket fence. But the litter was all gone from the neat floors; and linoleum made the kitchen brightly clean.

"Now," Ruth said busily, "hurry through supper. I've a rush job." And answering his stare, she added: "You've got to dig a well."

"A what?" Joe demanded. But he saw that no pretense of ignorance would avail.

"That truck gardener down the road says we ought to reach water fifteen or sixteen feet down," Ruth insisted. "And artesian water will cost ten cents a day."

The nerve! Joe marveled. Making him swing a pick to save seventy cents a week!

He found the well hard—nineteen feet through clay—and the next urgent labor, a chimney, was worse. But worst of all was the name the shop gang gave him—"Loony Lamp!"

Craftily Joe had concealed the foolish scheme Ruth had talked him into until one fatal noon hour. A diemaker, lounging on the sunny side of the factory yard, complained because he had been set to work on a back-breaking body die.

"Say," blurted Joe, "you don't know what real work is. Did you ever build a chimney, all alone, with fifty-pound cement blocks? Or dig a well through clay?"

Of course, after that the secret was out. They had to know why he had built a chimney; and then where he was building a house. And when he admitted he was six miles past the Seven Mile Road, a laugh went up. Loony Lamp!

And hard upon this humiliation came the task of preparing for the fast approaching winter.

"I've done my best, Muggins," he announced grumpily, when the two base-burners were up—one in the dining-room, one in the living-room—and eight tons of coal cached beneath the house. "If we can't keep warm now we'll have to freeze."

WINTER hung on stubbornly, but slowly bits of black earth broke through the white which enveloped the surrounding fields. The bluejays found food elsewhere and failed in attendance upon the scraps Ruth put out daily.

Sheepishly Joe perceived that Ruth and little Joe looked better than ever before. The Bug was a pygmy prize fighter with round, shining cheeks.

"It's the air," Ruth said. "This is a wonderful place."

There was, Joe admitted, something inspiriting about the air and all. The fields, from lonesome drab, turned green and lush and sweet. He took an intimate interest in the budding of the maple tree in the back yard.

Ultimately, he did not know whether to be glad or sorry. Boiling Battle Creek! Was he never to get his family back within gunshot of a movie? Fuming, he saw Ruth, by strenuous economies, pay Porlin's first note. He strove to block a new loan. The night she overruled him he reached for solace into his tobacco pouch. Empty!

And that, he mused with deepening pessimism, was the worst of such a venture as this. It kept him broke. It beat all how money melted! At least once every week they were reduced to a supper of mush and milk. Healthy, but, oh, so plain!

AS the year advanced Joe found his deprivations, far from lessening, were on the wax. There was, in addition to the building drain, the garden — tools, seeds, what not.

"We ought to hold down, Muggins," he warned. But Ruth would not. She even ignored the rumor of an imminent layoff.

"Mind," Joe warned again, "this talk is no bunk. All the wise heads know the business is topheavy with overproduction."

Joe was the more apprehensive because, always, back in his mind, lurked a fear of Porlin. He didn't want to be out of a job at Porlin's mercy. No, sir! And when Ruth showed him how much they were worth, and he realized that at last he had something really justifying practical efforts, his apprehension increased. He was astonished by Ruth's figures:

Lot	$ 250.00
Original expense on house	250.00
First note, paid	400.00
Paid Porlin subsequently	114.69
Value of well	75.00
Value of garage	50.00
Joe's labor and extras	850.00
Total (present value of house)	$1,989.69

"Still," Joe grunted pessimistically, "it's just a swell dish for Porlin. If it's worth that much, he'll get it."

Notwithstanding his pessimism, Joe adopted from then on a new policy at the shop. He didn't actually deny the appellation, "Loony Lamp," but he offered a spirited defense.

"Tell me, wise guys," he demanded one day, "which of you has socked down two thousand in the last year?"

When he recapitulated the gang's chagrin over that challenge Ruth bent over her inevitable needlework. Joe read her smile. It meant she was proud of him; proud that he had had the nerve

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Somebody's mother is lonely~

SOMEWHERE there is a lonely little grey lady. She has all the material comforts of life. Nevertheless, in her heart she is lonely, for she has no one now to call her "mother."

Can you imagine what joy a Mother's Day card would bring to her? It would please her more than anything else in the world.

Fortunate indeed are you who have your own mother living—a mother who thinks and thinks of you—oh, so often.

Of course, you will warm that motherly heart with a cheerful message on Mother's Day. How she will cherish a Mother's Day card from you—to know you are thinking of her.

MOTHER'S DAY IS
Sunday—May 9

* * *

All through the year are occasions in the lives of those we love when the sending of a message of remembrance, congratulation, praise or encouragement is the thoughtful thing to do.

There is a Greeting Card for every occasion. Good shops everywhere carry generous assortments to choose from.

Anne Rittenhouse has written a charming little book on the use of Greeting Cards. This book contains also fifteen pages for arranging lists of those you wish to remember. A veritable "Social Secretary"—sent postpaid for 25c. Greeting Card Association, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

[VENTURE
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

to plunge on the house. He decided that she deserved some praise, too.

"That's a swell thing you are making," he offered. "You certainly are good at that stuff."

"How much," Ruth asked with more vanity than she customarily showed, "do you think this would cost downtown?"

She spread before his unadmiring masculine gaze a heavy linen square inset with handmade lace.

"Oh," Joe doubled his actual opinion, "ten dollars."

"If you got it for twenty-five you'd have a bargain," Ruth told him. She straightened in pride. "I was at the Seven Mile church fair and I saw a buyer from a specialty shop paying good prices for work not half as fine. When I open my trunk"—she shook a boastful finger—"I'll have better linens than ever your Great-grandmother Lamp brought from Pennsylvania."

It began to look as though the house might be finished. This possibility was emphatically enforced when the mechanical superintendent gave Joe a foremanship and a raise. He waved Joe's thanks aside with a turgid compliment:

"Hell's bells! You're the sort we need, Joe. I had my eye on you as soon as I heard you were building your own house."

AND the autumn went swiftly, and another winter. No need now to hunt drafts. The base-burners kept the house splendidly warm. Then it was another spring. And Joe found time to get more material from Porlin.

And now inspiring activity developed between them and the Seven Mile Road. Houses swarmed up. Then, more wonderful, little houses grew up around Joe. Some of Joe's shopmates were among the builders of these.

"Who's loony now?" Joe demanded with a spirit he had not felt before.

In the midst of all this triumph Joe was told to take his vacation. And, translating the two weeks into terms of work upon the house, he came home jubilant. He found Ruth in tears. Her sister, up-State, was ill. She must go at once.

"Right!" said Joe. "But I'll take my vacation just the same and work on the house."

So much he said. But when Ruth went off with the Bug he said nothing of his intention to visit Porlin.

"You've got to let me have a thousand more," Joe told Porlin. "And part in cash. I need stuff you don't handle."

Porlin smiled. He looked, Joe thought, like a waiting spider.

"Sure," he said promptly.

"And twenty-four months to pay."

"Oh, sure," said Porlin; "same agreement. Want to look it over?"

But it was precisely like the old.

"Fix it up," said Joe.

Porlin reached for the paper. It slipped to the floor and he set an awkward foot upon it. Grumbling, he took a fresh one.

"Twenty-four months, you say?"

Joe signed with a flourish.

Then he went to two shopmen whose vacations ran concurrently with his own. He proposed that they should give him two weeks' labor. In return he would give the same amount when they were in haste and he was not. He hired plasterers, plumbers.

"Slick work!" Joe told himself, standing away from his freshly finished house on a morning two weeks later as he was about to start to pick up Ruth and the Bug at the depot.

"Of course," he mused, "there's a lot to be done yet. Screened-in porch, new garage, fireplace, lawn sodded, shrubbery, electric lights. But the furnace and the bathroom and lathing and plastering and inside finish help a lot."

Proudly he viewed his handiwork, tracing the pleasantly broken line of the roof, with its box cornice which lent such an air of solidity. He took in the dining-room's magnificent bay window. His gaze went to the green stained shingles; to the shingled upper walls, stained a rich brown; to the clapboarded lower walls, bright yellow; to the window frames, dazzingly white.

They moved three weeks later to a glaringly new, boxlike structure.

"Joe!" cried Ruth when she saw it. The Bug gurgled.

That night, abed, Ruth's elbow jogged Joe out of a half sleep.

"Joe! How much do we owe Porlin?"

"Huh?" Joe wakened slowly. "Oh, about fourteen hundred."

"Fourteen hundred? Joe!" Ruth sat up.

"Twenty-four months to pay."

"But, Joe! That's going to make terribly big payments. And fourteen hundred is a lot to raise if—if we have to."

"Payments only seventy a month," Joe said, ignoring the implication in the end of her protest. "Leave the worrying to me, Muggins."

THE privilege he asked fell with shocking unexpectedness. Joe had worked only a week when, out of a fair sky, dropped again the black shadow of a lay-off. It was more than shadow. There began at once a dribble of discharged men; and, not only from Joe's shop; everywhere it was happening.

Remembering Ruth and the Bug, Joe was doubly glad he had his foremanship. Even so, his place was uncertain. The precise uncertainty of it he learned within a fortnight.

"At that, Joe," the superintendent said, "you're only a day or so ahead of the rest. We'll all be out, except the watchmen. Maybe I might help you into a watchman's job.

Joe Lamp, the best toolmaker in town, taking a watchman's job!

"Like hell you can," said Joe scornfully.

Instead of complaining Ruth patted Joe's arm with never a word about the seventy-dollar-a-month payment that should have been forty; nor of the greater menace which neither of them would mention. She sat down and figured. They could just squeeze out two payments for Porlin.

Ruth got out the contract. Joe must pay the money at once lest it vanish in the mysterious way of cash. While he hunted his hat she read it idly.

"Joe!" she screamed, and thrust the paper at him.

Her shaking finger pointed to three fine lines. With swelling temples Joe digested an acknowledgment that when one—not four, but one—payment lapsed, the full debt fell due, permitting Porlin in the event of nonpayment to file the deed he held and take the property.

Joe saw Porlin's foot upon a blank contract, saw the casual exchange.

"Boiling Battle Creek!" he shouted hoarsely. "I'll beat him anyway. Banks'll loan money."

He paid Porlin, holding in when he faced the thin smile. Chilled by the gleam in Porlin's eyes, he went to the banks, then to the loan companies. But invariably he met with the attitude of the Building and Loan Association. The day when Porlin must be paid again came nearer and nearer.

They mortgaged the furniture.

THE factories continued like frozen rivers. Joe's friends were hunting odd jobs. Ruth hinted that Joe try that.

He stared at her. Joe Lamp work at a hunky job! He'd work as a toolmaker or not at all.

It was just after this declaration by Joe that Ruth, one morning, dragged from the bedroom an old trunk. Joe, about to set off on his daily round of the factories, paused abruptly.

With firmly held mouth, Ruth began to sort out her treasures—towels, napkins, table covers, pillow slips—initialed, embroidered, lace bordered—the fond work of many days.

"I'm going to pay Porlin," she told him calmly, but Joe saw the trembling of her lips. "That specialty shop buyer will take these."

"Ruth," he said slowly, "don't you sell a rag. You wait until I come back."

He came charging back in late afternoon, sending the fliv along at a jubilant pace.

"Porlin's licked!" he shouted as Ruth came swiftly through the kitchen door.

"Joe!" cried Ruth. Oh, the admiration in her voice!

"It was a cinch," he boasted. "I drove in to a part of town full of dandy homes. 'Need any work done?' I asked. 'Doors fixed, windows, inside work, outside? Anything?'

"Believe me! A lot of folks did. Lay-off or no lay-off, everybody wanted a good man for a little carpentering job. I got work to last a month. And there's plenty more."

"But," protested Ruth, "you're no carpenter."

"I ain't?" demanded Joe. "Then tell me who built this swell house?"

But, recalled by that to his morning's humility, he bent to her ear.

"I've been a bum, honey. I've been a bum. You—you stick with me, now, honey, and we'll go through like a cyclone."

For answer she squeezed him to her. Joe wordlessly squeezed back.

THE END

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Date the cardboard core, as you put a 2500 sheet roll of A. P. W. Satin Tissue into the fixture, and you will be surprised to find, if yours is an average family, that the last sheet is not used until about three months later.

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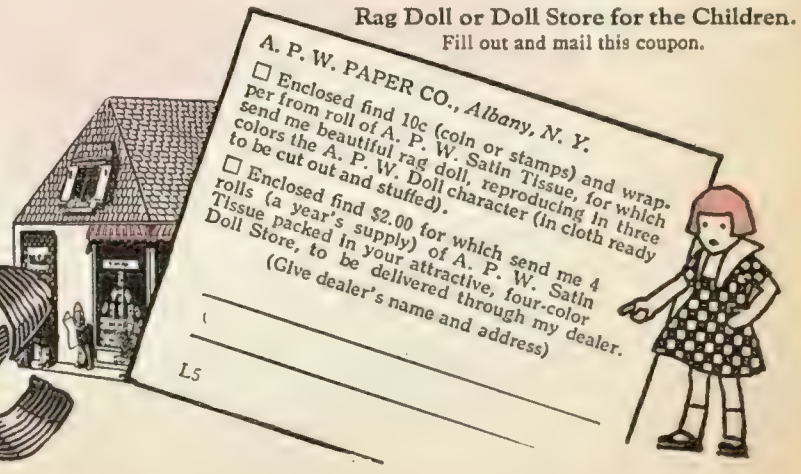

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Simple, Satisfying Menus *for* Busy Weeks

By ETHEL SOMERS

MOVING, house-cleaning, or spring-sewing weeks are the bugaboos of the household. Cluttered conditions, concentrated speeding up, and overzealous activities too frequently lead to meager, unpleasant mealtimes, which are apt to put the whole family in a bad humor. Satisfying meals are always gratifying—the underlying essential to a state of good humor. If the housewife will slur the time of preparation of her busy-week meals as she must, she should wisely spend more time in planning the menus so that they may prove complete and satisfying.

A simple yet dietetically satisfactory meal may consist of milk, whole cereal or bread, and quantities of fresh fruit. For the housewife who counts among her blessings a family group to whom such a menu would be gratifying the solution is simple. Elaborating it slightly in order that the family may not feel neglected, the busy-day menu might be a cream soup and toast with a salad dessert.

Unfortunately, most people are not satisfied with wholesome simplicity, so that the housewife must either provide a delicatessen supper or study ways and means of combining the much needed foods into a few or one appealing service. Nor is this difficult, for almost every locality and country boasts its ever-popular one-dish meal.

The Creole gumbo, the Hungarian goulash, the Irish stew, the Chinese chop suey, the Turkish pilaff, the Serbian shepherd's pie, and the Italian polenta all may be studied and utilized as interesting sources of the busy-week menu.

Herewith are given three Americanized versions of simple menus. Try them.

MENUS

I Scotch Haggis
Fruit Cup, Iced

II Savory Casserole
Upside-Down Gingerbread

III Beef en Casserole
Apples Porcupine

Scotch Haggis

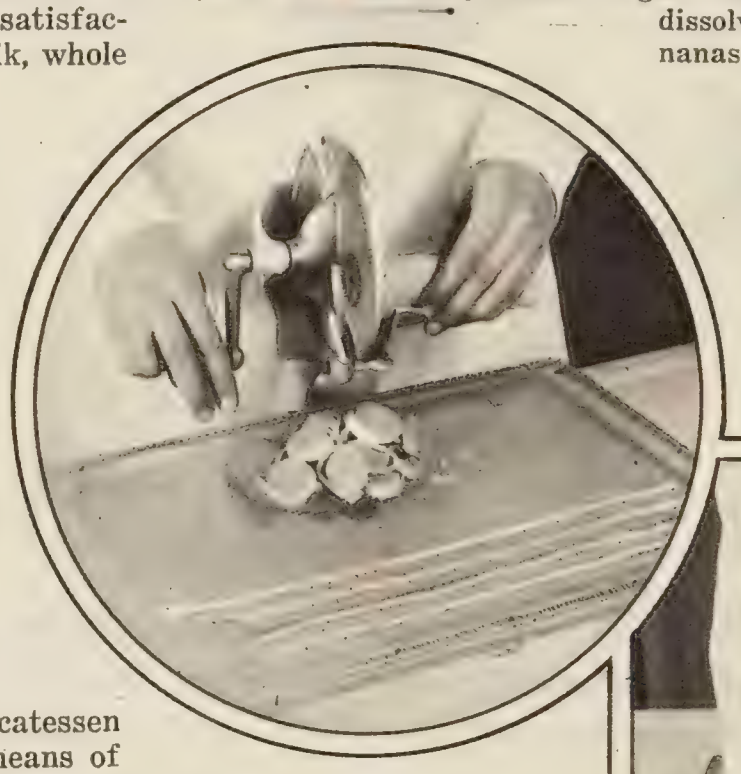
Heart, liver, and tongue of sheep or lamb
½ pound bacon
1 onion
½ tablespoon salt
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
1/16 teaspoon cayenne
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ cup gravy or stock
⅞ cup oatmeal or rolled oats
2 eggs
2 cups chopped carrot

PARBOIL the cleaned meat for from one to one and a half hours. Remove the membranes and veins from the meat and chop fine in a food-chopper. Chop the bacon, onion, and carrots. Mix well and place in a buttered casserole. Add the seasonings and oatmeal. Lastly fold in the well beaten eggs. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for from forty to forty-five minutes.

Fruit Cup, Iced

4 oranges
2 lemons, juice only
2 bananas
1 cup sugar

PEEL, section, and slice the oranges. Add the lemon juice and sugar. Mix until the sugar is dissolved, and add the bananas sliced. Chill until served.



MODERN cutting devices facilitate quick slicing of the noodles. Roll, slice, and spread out to dry.

TO prevent the rolling-board from slipping, put a damp cloth under it.

Savory Casserole

2 cups noodles
2½ pounds beef, stew cuts
1 cup apricots
1 cup celery
1 cup carrots
½ pound leeks, if desired
¾ cup hot water
2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1/16 teaspoon cayenne

PREPARE the noodles by cooking for twenty minutes in boiling salted water. Cut the meat into inch cubes, roll in flour, and brown in two tablespoons of hot fat (which may be cut from the meat when cutting it into cubes). Butter a casserole, put in half of the noodles, then a layer of washed soaked apricots, then celery, carrots, and leeks (if used), scattering the browned meat throughout the whole as the layers form. Top with the remaining noodles. Mix the salt, hot water, pepper, and cayenne. Pour this over the materials in the casserole and bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for two hours or a slow oven (250° F.) for three hours. It is best to cover the casserole during the first half of the baking so that the meat, even though tough, may be steamed tender.

Noodles

2 to 4 eggs (the more eggs the more delicate the noodles)
2 tablespoons butter
2 cups flour

BEAT the eggs slightly, add the butter, and mix well. Gradually mix in the flour. Knead the dough for twenty minutes. The dough should be stiff, and more flour may be added if necessary. Roll very thin, so that the dough is almost transparent. Let stand eight minutes to dry. Turn and let dry eight minutes on the other side. If the dough is at all sticky, flour it well and roll up as for jelly roll. Slice any thickness desired for the finished noodles, varying from shreds to one-fourth inch. Unwind the strips, shake off the flour if any was used, and stretch out to dry for at least fifteen minutes.

Upside-Down Gingerbread

4 apples
½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice

PEEL, core, and slice the apples and place in a buttered sheet baking-pan, after mixing them well with the sugar and lemon juice. Place in a hot oven (450° F.) for about fifteen minutes. Meanwhile mix the gingerbread batter:

1 cup flour
¼ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
⅜ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon baking powder
⅜ teaspoon ginger
⅜ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
1½ tablespoons butter
¼ cup molasses
½ cup sour milk
1 egg yolk, if desired

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Beat the sour milk and add the molasses and egg well beaten. Pour these liquids into the dry ingredients, mix well, then beat in the melted butter. Pour over the apple mixture and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for forty-five minutes.

Beef en Casserole

3 pounds short ribs of beef (plate cut)
6 small onions
1 carrot
¼ cup beef fat
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
2 cups stewed tomatoes
½ cup rice, thoroughly washed of starch particles, chopped

ADD the chopped onions and floured beef to the hot fat in a fry-pan. Brown well on all sides. Place the browned mixture in a casserole. Mix the remaining ingredients and pour over the meat. Add enough water to cover, and cook in a slow oven (250° F.) for three hours.

Apples Porcupine

6 red apples
Blanched almonds
1 cup sugar
1 cup water

CORE the apples but do not pare them. Cook gently until parboiled. Drain and skin. Add sugar to the water and cook to jelly stage. Cool syrup and pour it into core of apple. Stick apples with blanched almonds a la porcupine.

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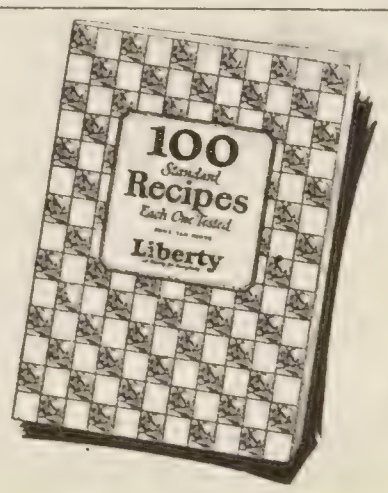

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5-1-26

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LIBERTY demands the best always; in printing—in paper—in art—in editorial content. Therefore, it carries heavy publishing expenses. Now, as a business man, you know that advertising rates must keep pace with expanding circulation. Good business demands that.

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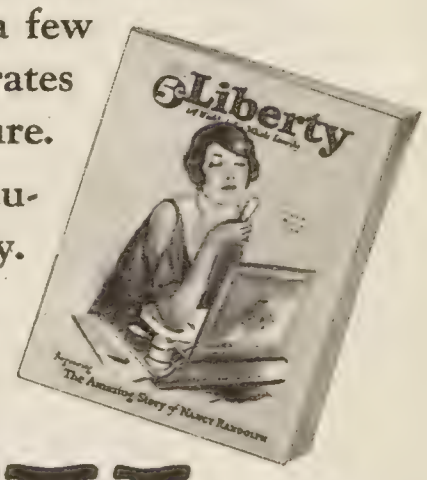
- △ "Meet the Wife too." Whole family appeal.
- ⊙ Directed circulation—78% concentrated in the 225 richest counties of the United States.



5c **Liberty**

A Weekly for the Whole Family

Liberty's Patriotic Game of States

$25,000 in Prizes

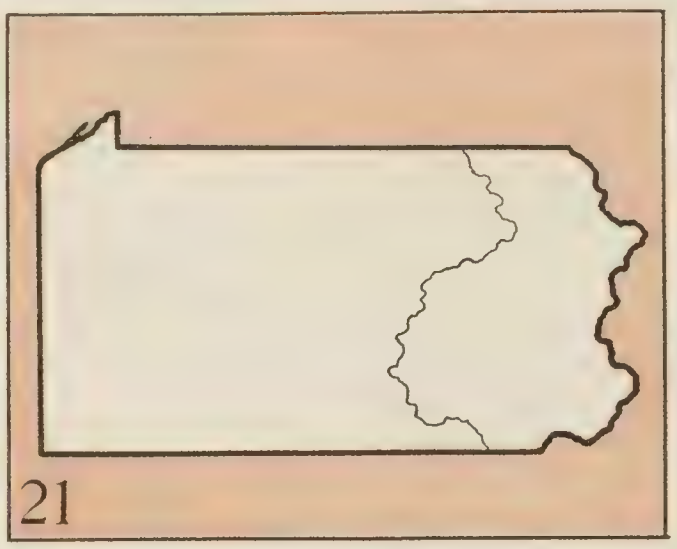
Fun and Education for the Whole Family

THIS wonderful contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl. It does not matter who you are or where you live. Every member of the family can enter.

Look at the big list of prizes and then go after them. It costs nothing and it's easy.

All you have to do is to examine the outline maps carefully and guess the names of the States they represent. Under each map are printed interesting facts of geography, industry, and history to help you solve the puzzle. You will learn important facts about the United States while playing a fascinating game for large prizes.

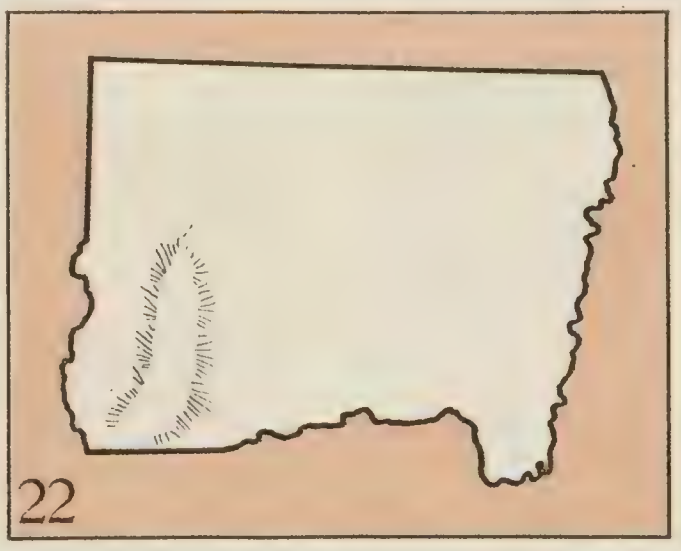
Be sure to read the rules carefully. They will tell you what to do. Another set of maps will be printed in Liberty next week.



A State bordered on the east by a river named for an English lord. Founded by a Quaker, it now leads in mineral and industrial production. Its chief city was the nation's capital from 1790 to 1800.

Name of State.....
(Write Name of State Here)

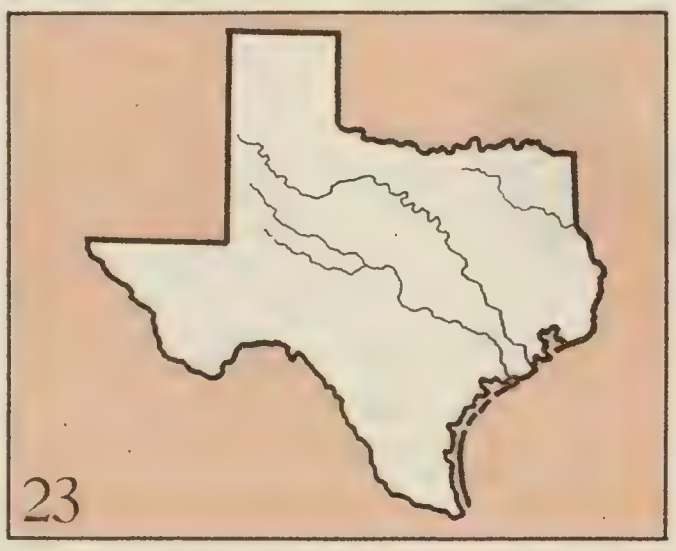
Name of Capital.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 6



A famous trail once led from Missouri to this State. It is partially bounded by the Pacific and by a river noted for its salmon. It grows much fruit and has the largest forests in the Union.

Name of State.....
(Write Name of State Here)

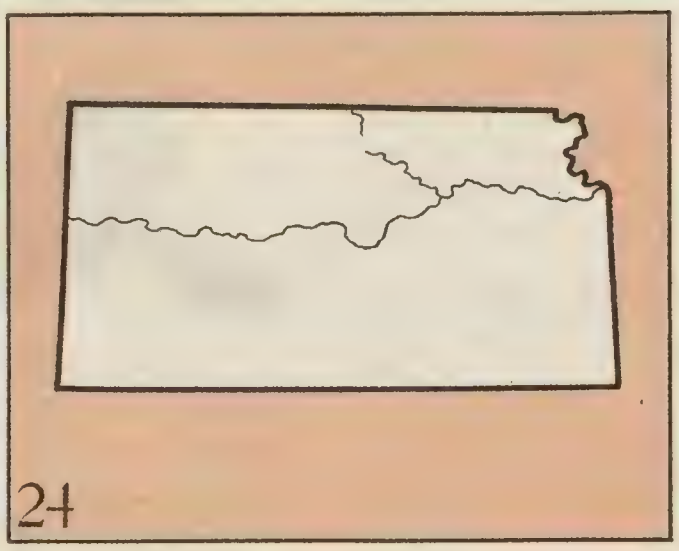
Name of Capital.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 6



This State leads in cotton, cattle, and railroad mileage. First Mexican territory, then a republic, it joined the Union in 1845. It is the only State with over a billion-dollar crop yield.

Name of State.....
(Write Name of State Here)

Name of Capital.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 6



This wheat-growing State is in almost the exact geographical center of the nation. A famous river skirts its northeast boundary. Within its borders John Brown started local war by killing five pro-slavery men in 1856.

Name of State.....
(Write Name of State Here)

Name of Capital.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 6

To Teachers

ONE of the most important purposes of this contest, aside from its endeavor to win more friends for Liberty, is to increase the knowledge of American Geography and History among the people, young and old.

We want especially to interest children in this educational game, and to inspire them to consult with their parents and their teachers.

Therefore, to each of the ten teachers whose pupils rank highest in this contest we will award a special prize of $250 each, a total of $2,500. This applies to pupils in public, private, and parochial schools. So when a child enters the contest, he is advised to state the name of his school, the name of his teacher, and his grade.

RULES

1 Every week for 12 consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline Maps of four different States of the United States, a total of 48 Maps—one for each of the 48 States.

2 The public is invited to cut out these Maps, fill in the name of the State each represents and the name of the Capital. Liberty will pay $25,000 to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of the 48 State Maps in accordance with these rules.

3 This offer is open to everybody —men, women, boys, and girls —except employees of Liberty and their families. It does not matter where you live.

4 You pay nothing. Just prove your skill. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. No preference will be given on account of elaborate treatment.

5 Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all Maps until you have the complete set of 48. Then send them to "States," Liberty, Post Office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All Maps must be in by midnight 21 days after the last Map has been published. No entries will be returned.

6 Each entry must be sent by first class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. At the end of the contest we want you to tell us your favorite State, the one you want for your home. Contestants may send in as many sets of Maps as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

7 You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the Maps from the originals and use the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at Public Libraries free of charge.

8 The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

PRIZES

1st Prize	$5,000
2nd Prize	1,000
3rd Prize	500
4th Prize	250
5th Prize	200
Next 80 Prizes at $25	2,000
Next 1355 Prizes at $10	13,550
10 Prizes to teachers at $250	2,500
1450 Prizes, totaling	$25,000

ANOTHER SET OF MAPS
IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF

Liberty

Gloria Swanson *Is as* Untamed *as* Ever

A Movie Review by

ALVA TAYLOR

THE BAT

Directed by Roland West · A United Artists Picture

THE CAST:

Gideon Bell.....*Andre de Beranger*
Man in Black Mask.....*Charles Herzinger*
Miss Cornelia van Gorder....*Emily Fitzroy*
Lizzie Allen.....*Louise Fazenda*
Richard Fleming.....*Arthur Houseman*
Dr. Wells.....*Robert McKim*
Brooks.....*Jack Pickford*
Miss Dale Ogden.....*Jewel Carmen*
Billy.....*Sojin Kamiyama*
Moletti.....*Tullio Carminati*
Detective Anderson.....*Eddie Gribbon*
The Unknown.....*Lee Shumway*

THE BAT is one of the best movie mystery thrillers that I have ever seen. If you're of a nervous disposition; if you dislike dark corners and that dusky, doubtful bend in the stairway; if you'd rather die than go up into a musty, cobwebby attic — then you'll have a grand time feeling shivery at this picture, and if you're a girl you'd better be sure to have an escort to take you home.

Louise Fazenda

Not that the movie version of The Bat is any way near as spooky as the stage play. But this isn't the fault of the producers. They did remarkably well with it. The massive sets, the mysterious photography, the lights and shadows of the movie, are really more awe-inspiring than the artificiality of stage properties and sets.

But in the movie you are not sitting tense, grabbing your companion's hand, nervously wondering when that gun is going to go off, constantly suppressing little squeals of fear. I think almost all the value of The Bat as a movie is in the photography and the sets. The eery manner in which characters blend and fade into the scene, the feeling of dark spaces, of lurking shadows, grabs your imagination.

There are tremendous doors, three times as tall as the man who opens them, which give an impression of mystery; there are dimly lit stairways; there are slowly swinging secret doors, which open and shut, holding the girl a prisoner of the Bat.

It's all very scary. And I'm not going to tell you the story, because it's no fun to go to a mystery play and know what's going to happen.

Emily Fitzroy

Louise Fazenda is screamingly funny as Lizzie, the maid. It was played originally in the play by May Vokes, and Louise has not done the part any discredit.

The entire cast is exceptionally good. Jack Pickford is the juvenile element. As the young bank clerk who is looking for the stolen money in the house of mystery, in order to clear his own fair name, he is satisfactorily juvenile and charming.

I heartily recommend this picture for your delectation and delight. However, if you are planning any nocturnal trips to the attic, to do some spring cleaning or what not after dusk has set in, you are apt to remember The Bat and be scared to death.

THE UNTAMED LADY

Directed by Frank Tuttle · A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Joan Napier.....*Gloria Swanson*
Larry Gastlen.....*Lawrence Gray*
Uncle George.....*Joseph Smiley*
Shorty.....*Charles Graham*

JOAN NAPIER (Gloria Swanson) was probably the most untamedest lady ever seen on the screen. Not that she scratched people's eyes out, or threw rocks into her neighbors' windows. But she did splash mud on dowagers' best gowns, and there was no man who could give her orders and get away with it.

In other words, this untamed lady was just about as spoiled as they come; and if it hadn't been that she was also as attractive as they come there wouldn't have been a man in seven counties who would have lifted a little finger in order to win her.

Gloria Swanson

Uncle George, her sole guardian, loved her too much to give the much needed spanking. He gave her a loose rein, and engagement dinners became a tradition in the family. Society found it great sport to bet upon the length of Joan's engagements.

And then one day, when Joan had gone to the country to be a good girl (for she wanted to reform), along came the man with the strong right arm that Uncle George said was necessary to break Joan's spirit. This charming cave man is played by Lawrence Gray. And if you haven't discovered that he is one of the best looking and most fascinating of the young leading men, you'd better look twice at him this time.

As Larry, the seventh or so fiance, he devotes his time to breaking in the untamed lady. "Break me," she cried on his neck. "Make me be good!" And Larry tried. He used all the cave-man tactics he knew. Yet it was not his strength but his weakness that finally broke the pride and naughtiness of Miss Joan. When she had caused the breaking of a few dozen of his bones, Joan discovered that she loved him more than herself.

I recommend this picture for those of you who like Gloria Swanson and cave men. Otherwise you will be disappointed.

I happen to like Gloria Swanson, and so I enjoyed the picture.

MY OWN PAL

Directed by A. J. G. Blystone · A Fox Picture

THE CAST:

Tom O'Hara.....*Tom Mix*
Alice Deering.....*Olive Borden*
August Deering.....*Tom Santschi*
The Clown.....*Jay Hunt*
Jill.....*Virginia Marshall*
Jud McIntyre.....*William Colvin*
Mrs. Jud McIntyre.....*Hedda Nova*
Mollie.....*Virginia Warwick*
Sergeant Pat McGuire.....*Tom McGuire*
Trixie Tremaine.....*Helen Lynch*
Baxter Barton.....*Bardson Bard*
Slippery Sam.....*Jacques Rollens*

OH, my dears, you ought to see Tom Mix in a traffic cop's outfit! Yep, he actually left off the old white sombrero, and he looked so fine as a policeman, it would have been a pleasure to be pinched by him.

However, you may not have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Mix impersonating an officer of the law, for I am not going to recommend this picture in such a wholehearted manner that you will try to beat your shadow to the theater box office and storm the gates to get in. I've always liked Tom Mix, and usually have had a grand time watching his pictures. But Tom failed me this time. Gosh! I was actually bored.

Virginia Marshall

It wasn't because Tom is getting just a little bit fat, or that I suddenly woke up to the fact that Tom Mix isn't an actor (I've always known that). But there wasn't enough of the regular old Tom Mix wild Western stuff, with bad cowboys and rustlers as villains, man-to-man fights in lonely log cabins, Tony the wonder horse kicking in the side of a shed to rescue his master, and such stuff as all good Western dramas are made of.

The story begins all right, on a ranch in the great open spaces (wide open, too) of Wyoming. Tom, who is, as usual, Tom, this time with an O'Hara after it (and now you know that it was quite correct for him to be a traffic cop), has decided that there are bigger and better things ahead for him than rounding up the cows and gazing at Wyoming sunsets. And so he heads for the city. En route he picks up a small child whose mother is dying. This child (Virginia Marshall) is extremely cute, and, if she isn't spoiled, may make another picture in which she doesn't act like a movie child.

Tom Mix

In the city Tom becomes a traffic cop, falls in love with the daughter of the Chief of Police, rescues this same daughter from the foils of a patent-leather-haired villain, and wins this very same daughter as a life companion.

There is an adorable fluffy white dog that makes it possible for Tom to perform the rescue.

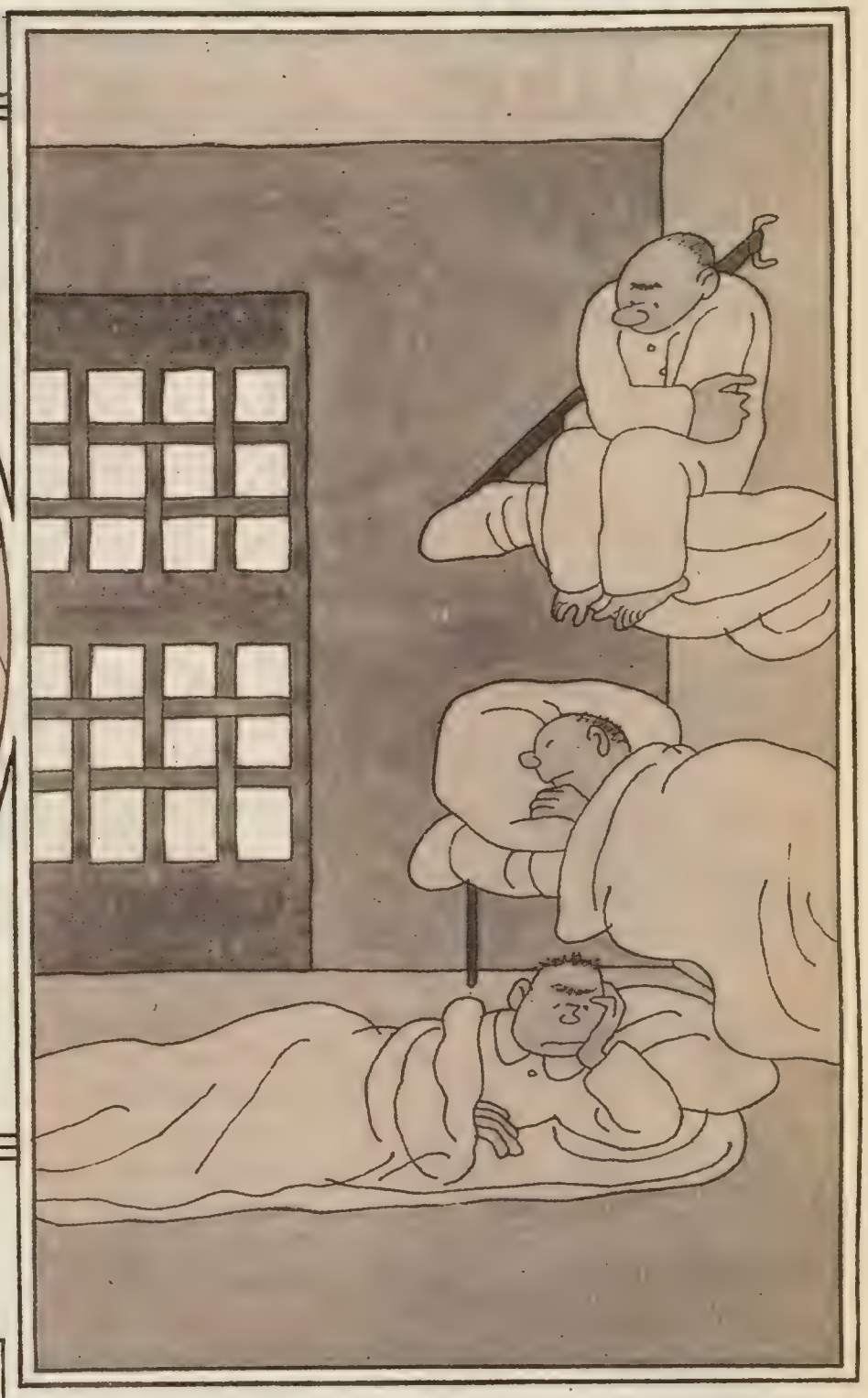
If you feel you mustn't miss any Tom Mix film, you will probably go to this picture. But if you aren't a Mix fan I don't advise your taking in My Own Pal.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

IN HOLIDAY MOOD, delegates to the recently adjourned League of Nations to Assure Eternal Peace on Earth are shown over the Riffian battle front by General Primo de Rivera as the French and Spanish armies limber up for the season of 1926.



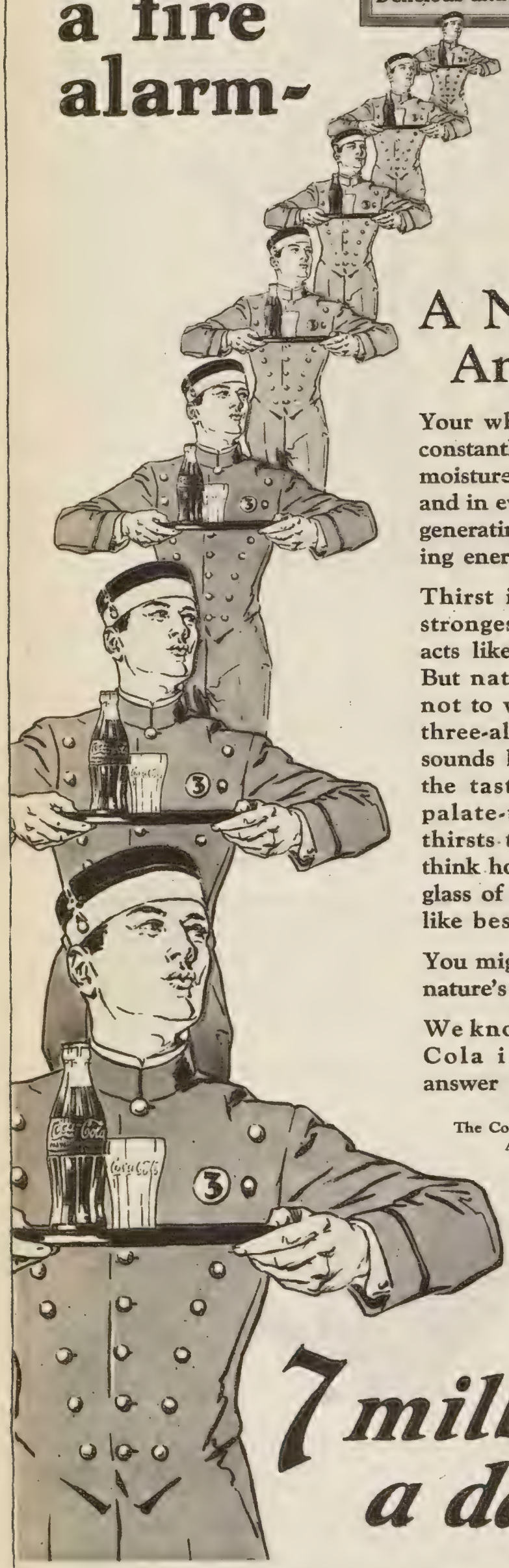
S. R. O. AT SING SING: every cell crowded to capacity at New York State Penitentiary because of prohibition, bootleg liquor, the younger generation, permanent waving, short skirts, night clubs, cigarettes, the Charleston, the motor car, the radio, dope, lipsticks, jazz, rolled stockings, the evil influence of Mother Goose on the child mind, evolution, the after effects of the war, dishonest taxi-meters, the use of bear's grease on the hair, or what have you?

MRS. LUTETIA L. WHYKENWUMP, Secretary of the There-Ought-to-Be-a-Law-Against-It League, presents the Grand Prize of a rubber ice pick to Abner J. M. Hickitcut, who thought up 5,978,492 things there ought to be a law against in the year ending on April Fools' Day.

THERE IS A LIMIT TO EVERYTHING. Lady with cropped hair and mannish dinner jacket rebukes waiter in smart Manhattan restaurant when he mistakes her for escort and offers her the check for payment.

Thirst is like a fire alarm-

Drink Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing



A Natural Answer

Your whole system is constantly burning up moisture in breathing and in every process of generating and expending energy

Thirst is one of our strongest impulses. It acts like a fire alarm. But nature warns us not to wait for a big three-alarm fire. She sounds little alarms—the taste-thirst—the palate-thirst—little thirsts that make you think how good a cold glass of the drink you like best would taste.

You might say thirst is nature's fire alarm

We know that Coca-Cola is a natural answer

The Coca-Cola Company
Atlanta, Ga.

7 million a day

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

Liberty's RADIO STATION WLIB

WLIB invites everybody to submit ideas for improving radio programs. Or perhaps you can suggest a new feature. Ten dollars will be paid for each letter published, so let us hear from you if you think of anything that might appeal to radio fans.

$10 Apiece for These Letters

KEEP TAB ON CONGRESS

Dear Sir: Why wouldn't it be a good idea to keep tab on the doings of the lawmakers in Washington, D. C., and give a weekly resume of what has been accomplished during the preceding week?

E. L. NICKELS.
5 Cawker Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

ETIQUETTE HINTS

Dear Broadcasters: Liberty's broadcasting station affords to the rural boy and girl an invaluable opportunity of keeping abreast of the city cousin who has access to operas, modern lectures, and other entertainments denied us who are more remotely domiciled. The privilege of asking Liberty entertainers for some desired phase of their "wares" is one for which I am grateful.

My request is an occasional lesson in etiquette, so to speak—the proper thing to do and not to do at formal dinners and dances. Ye country cousins are in need of this kind of information as an armor against blunders when social occasions present themselves, for we do not attend such functions often enough to learn the little crooks and turns that make one a social success; and lack of which makes a dumbbell of the most charming. MARY ANN MIRIAM.
Brazelton Apartments, Tyler, Texas.

NEWS FOR LIGHTHOUSES

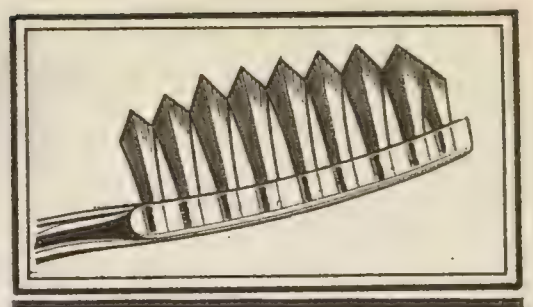
Dear Editor: Besides the varied programs of music, lectures, etc., I am putting in a plea for the broadcasting of important news for the keepers of lighthouses and the men on the lightships, chained as they are to lonely rocks and shackled on fog banks many months in the year.

These news dispatches bring them tidings of happenings which they couldn't know for months, unless they heard them by radio.

Many keepers are installing sets at their own expense. I hope our government will eventually fit up each of these lonely places with an excellent radio, for it is a revelation in these far-away places.

L. H. ABBOTT.
364 Front Street, Bath, Maine.

WRITE TO
Radio Editor, Liberty,
P.O.Box 380, Grand Central
Station, New York, N.Y.

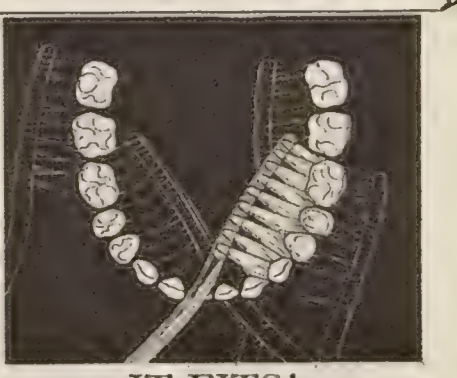


A Reminder SERVICE
to Tooth Brush Users

How many times have you resolved, at brushing time, to "buy a new tooth brush today"?—And then found that even in spite of your good intentions you had forgotten!

Tooth brushes *are* hard to remember to buy. They don't "use up" like dentifrices do. Yet putting off buying a new one too long not only robs you of full benefits from your daily brushings, but may cause actual harm.

To help you remember this bit of shopping vital to your health, we have devised the attractive Reminder-Cabinet shown above. When you see it displayed on a retailer's counter, you have him to thank for a double service: *First*, he is reminding you to buy the tooth brush you've been forgetting, and, *Second*, he is advising a Dr. West's—the brush that fits the mouth and cleans teeth *clean*—INSIDE, OUTSIDE and BETWEEN. (See Diagram.)



IT FITS!

Built to the pattern of the human mouth. Dr. West's Tooth Brush contacts every curve and angle and crevice. While almost any tooth brush will clean outside surfaces, Dr. West's cleans INSIDE, OUTSIDE AND BETWEEN.

Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH

WECO Product

There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. Prices: Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Special Gum Massage, 75c. At all good dealers.

Paris Favors Two-Color Dresses

By Mary Brush Williams

FROM as far West as the Pacific to an Eastern address somewhere in the Bronx comes the same inquiry, and everybody asking it seems to be in an enormous hurry for a reply. Is the two-piece dress out of fashion?

Let us first settle down to the important business of answering this question. It is not. For morning and everyday and sports costumes the style is especially good. Indeed, in this two-storied effect the French seem to have raised up a monster to destroy their own favorite conception—which is the one-piece dress.

Madame Jenny wears in her shop in Paris a lovely gown of green silk jersey that is embroidered over the blouse in a compact little pattern of tiny flowers, the whole structural design of which, when it passes below the waistline, sprays out into a spreading, flat, godet-shaped outline of leaves and twigs and fuller, more mature blossoms. Indeed, the whole embroidered pattern expands into a deeper color and a heavier stitch.

Madame Jenny wears her hair bobbed very close, and round her throat, above the square neck of the costume, she wears a scarf bound high and tight, the ends of which float from her shoulder to the rhythm of her movements. Quite a fetching salesgirl for her own wares, is she not?

In some costumes of the moment the blouse, of a contrasting color and material, is sewed on to the skirt at a point below the natural waistline.

A very popular model of the spring collection (by Jenny, I believe) has a skirt of blue silk and a long blouse of knitted blue silk jersey in the same shade. Tailored suits with the blouse in a contrasting shade have never been in better style since a period some time back in the eighties.

Sometimes the blouse of today, instead of being of an unbroken straight line, has a low, narrow belt; and pockets beneath this belt on either side of the front are a popular trimming. Usually the belt is of leather for this type of costume.

square neck was outlined in dull black leather.

"You look very smart," was the inevitable greeting.

"A little cire leather for a collar, for a belt, or even for a hat trimming," she reflected. "Sometimes it is perforated, you know, and made to look like lace. But now lace is replacing it to an extent."

Such was her first spoken word in America. But this is by way of saying that lace hasn't entirely replaced it. For out of the spring collections comes an offering by Worth of an evening dress. It is of black chiffon; but the bodice has for a unique trimming slashes of gold leather applied on it in one of the severe modern designs of the day. There is a belt of gold leather, interwoven in a pattern with lavender embroidery. And there is a fringe of gold leather falling from the belt to the bottom of the not-very-long skirt. If you can possibly get hold of it for a trimming, you are justified in employing leather in less sensational ways than this.

This brings us to another very important question regarding the colors of late spring and summer. The Frenchwoman is wearing beige a great deal with blue. She is wearing it with green and red and purple (or lavender); and, unless present tendencies are circumvented, this last will be the most popular shade of all.

Then, too, at last gray seems to have made the grade of popularity, and the French are doing what the rest of us can scarcely hope to accomplish. Such is their deft subtlety of taste and workmanship, they are working into one costume harmonious combinations of gray and beige. The tints known as gazelle and turtle carry to the mind's eye the image of tan color clouded in gray.

EVENING dress of white crepe in bolero effect, with band of white satin crepe around middle, showing tendency of two-material design. Chantal.

BEIGE-COLORED jersey with long straight blouse trimmed with blue and white ribbons joined together at selvaged edges. Suzanne Talbot.

BLOUSE of white chiffon, with straight skirt of black satin in two tiers. Chantal.

DRESS of Shantung silk in two colors—pale blue for dress and dark blue for pipings and edges of the blouse, collar, and cuffs. Jane Regny.

A charming lady, whom many of us know by reputation, if only her name were mentioned, came over on a big ocean liner that plied its way straight from France this week. Some of us went out on the pilot boat to meet her.

She was sitting in the salon, which was roped off into sections, and she had on a straight-lined, close-fitting black dress of which the

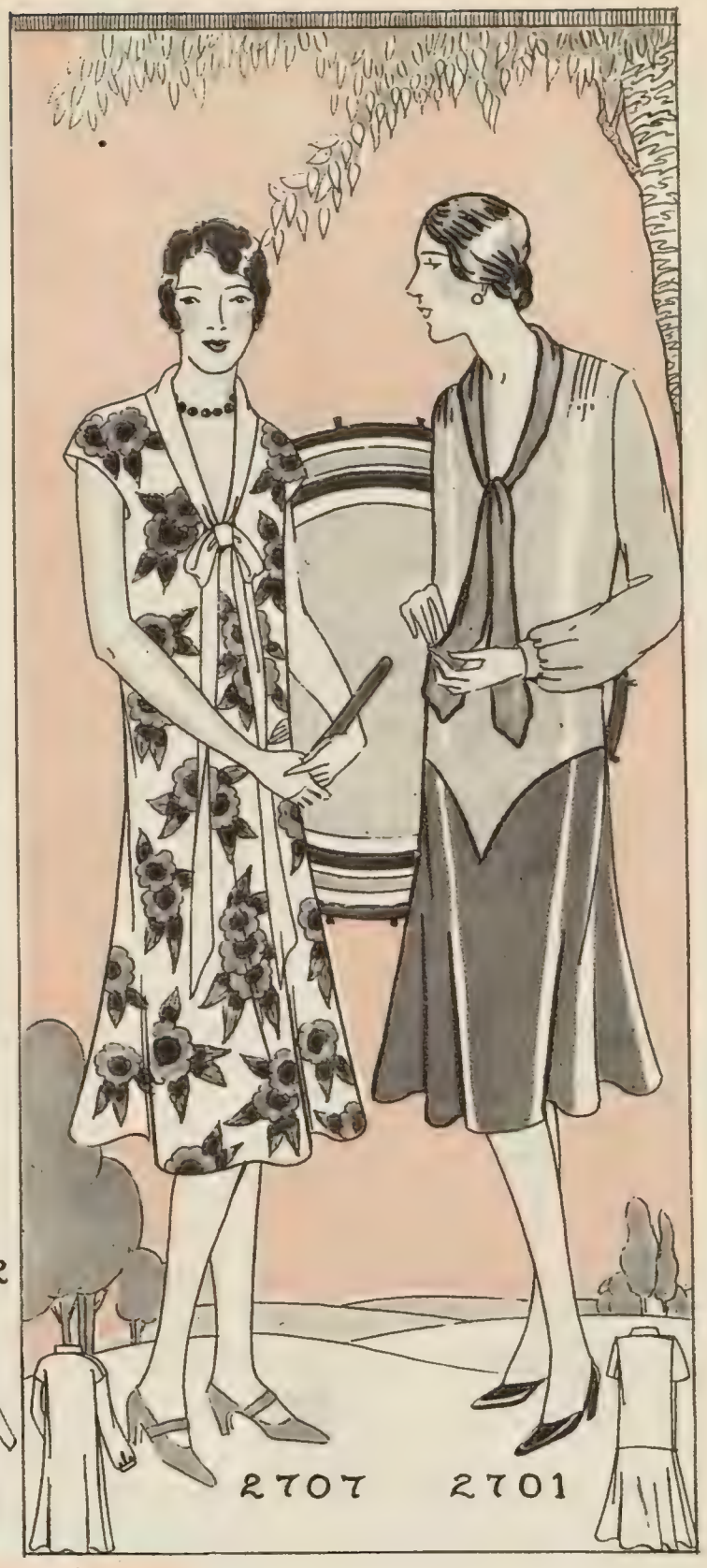
Speaking of beige, somebody must have emptied the entire stock of Russian fitch fur (accumulated through a long revolution) on the city of Paris. As you know, fitch is a delicate tint of yellow, shading into a spot of brown on each skin. It was out of style for many years; but now scarcely any costume is so poor as not to support a trimming of it.

The models now shown demonstrate the continued popularity of the two-piece dress.

Attractive Frocks

That Are Easily Made

By PATRICIA



FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

HERE are designs with many new style details; designs the smart Parisiennes are wearing for street, sports, and general wear. They're so attractive and delightfully different.

A frock that comes in especially handy this time of year is pictured in design No. 2692. It is fashioned of printed crepe in geometric pattern. Its straight silhouette is relieved by inverted plaits at the side seams. It is very practical, too, made of frisca in lovely cadet gray shade, printed flannel, rose-mauve cashmere, and Madeleine rose flat silk. The pattern cuts in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material, with ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

A little French frock that you can make in an hour is shown in design No. 2699. The moment you glance at it you know it's from Paris. It employs bordered flat crepe in gay coloring. It is simply exquisite for country wear, made of white georgette crepe with a border of brilliant red poppies. The border is used to good advantage in the sleeves. The pattern cuts in sizes 14, 16, and 18 years, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅛ yards of 54-inch bordered material.

We show in design No. 2650 a smart linen frock for a junior—a clever design, borrowed from the grown-up mode. Note the little boyish turn-over collar, the new flared skirt, and the low waistline, marked by scalloped treatment. It is unmistakably smart and practical at the same time. It is very dainty and summery made of cotton voile in pastel shade, flesh-colored crepe de Chine, French blue georgette crepe posed over a flesh-colored slip, chambray, dimity, dotted swiss, or printed pongee. The pattern may be had in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. The 8-year size requires only 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material.

Nothing is more satisfactory for school and play than gingham, as illustrated in design No. 2652. This cunning model combines plain with plaid gingham. English broadcloth, either plain or printed, challis, printed percale, linen, and flannel are also appropriate. It has the new saddle shoulders and circular skirt. The pattern cuts in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 1⅜ yards of 40-inch plain gingham, with 1 yard of 36-inch plaid gingham.

Printed silk crepe is the medium chosen for this stunning sports frock in design No. 2707, which affects simplicity of line. Made on straight lines, with nipped-in waist and flaring hem, it achieves a slim silhouette. For country wear, select shell-pink flat crepe, French blue crepe Roma, royal blue jersey kasha, or striped tub silk. For street and town wear, dotted silk crepe, navy blue flat crepe, Lanvin green crepe Elizabeth, or printed georgette crepe is smart. Cuts in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material, with ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

A charming frock of pinkish-beige chiffon is pictured in design No. 2701. The dipping line of the bodice is of interest. It's a charming model that will have an appeal for summer. For immediate wear select printed silk, flat silk crepe, faille, morroleen, or crepe Roma. The pattern cuts in sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3¾ yards of 36-inch material, with ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

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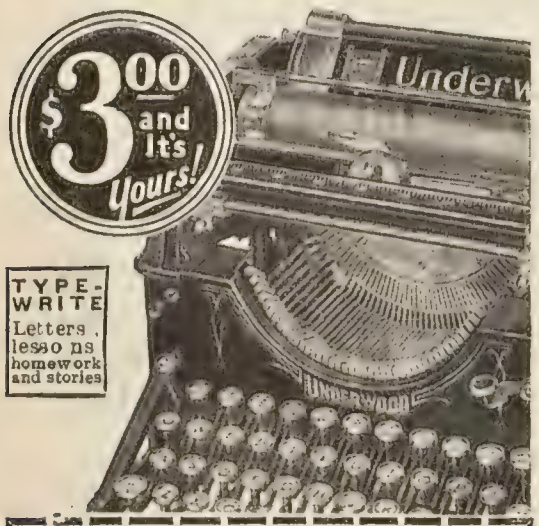

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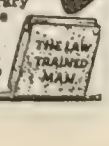
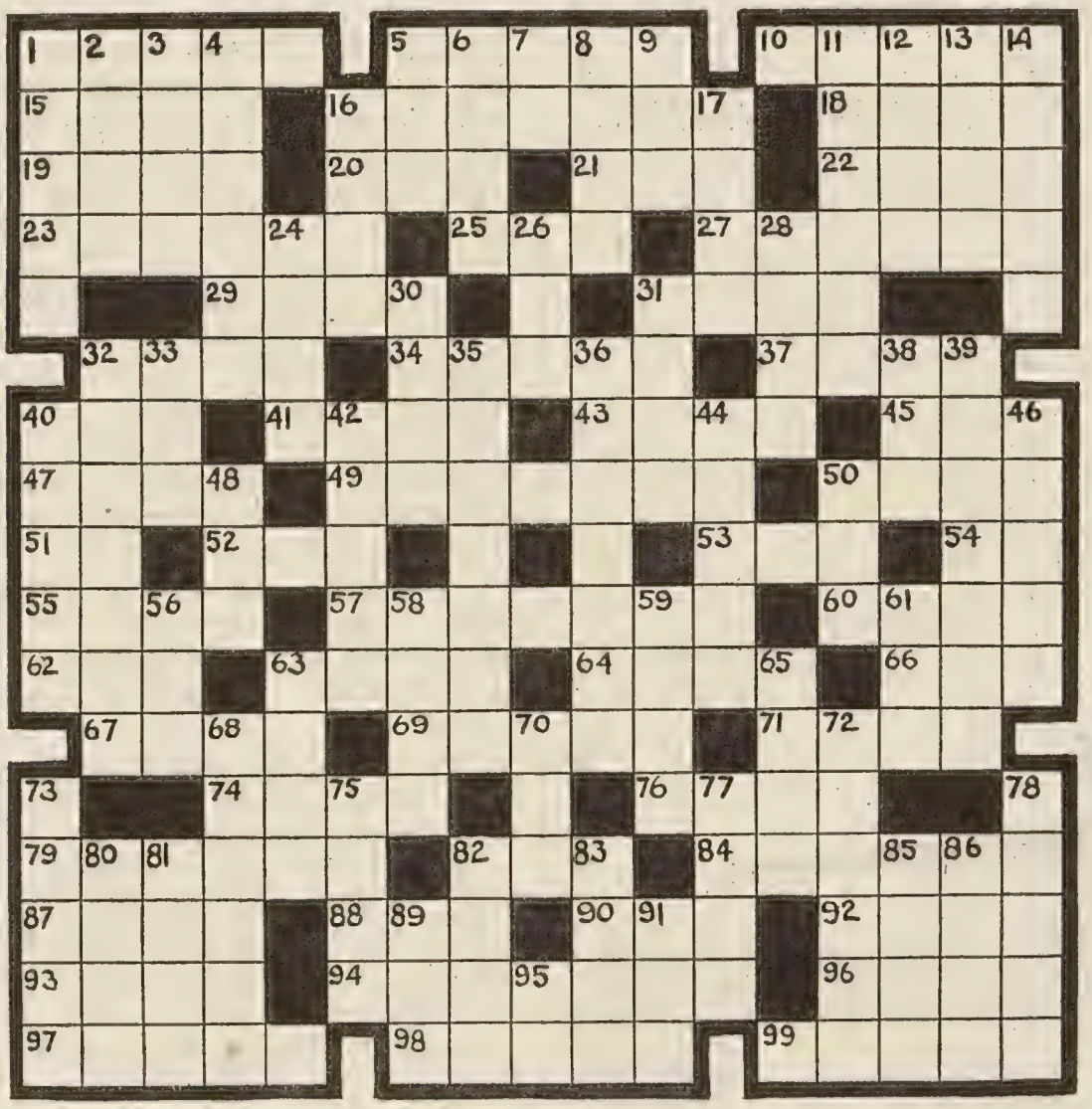


Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 65

By JAMES W. WHITE

YOU can have all the "Peter Piper picked a pint of pickled peppers" you want to twist your tongue but our tongue is never so tangled as it is when we're trying to pronounce that particular kind of wild flower mentioned in Horizontal Number Forty-nine. At a flower show we wanted to step right up and wring their fragile necks. Since "that which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet," why doesn't this flower get rid of the terrifying name "a-nem'o-ne"?

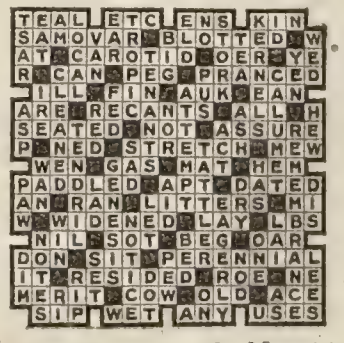


HORIZONTAL

1 Agreeable odor
5 To wind a rope around a pin or cleat
10 One of the hymns collected into one book of the Old Testament
15 The decorated lower part of a wall
16 Tottered
18 An air or melody
19 In excess
20 Rather than
21 To deface
22 Made crooked
23 A sale at second hand
25 A beam
27 To charge with air
29 Covers
31 A funeral pile
32 A kind of jug
34 Punitive
37 Small venomous snakes
40 A kind of beer
41 An Arabian military commander
43 A rotating piece in machinery (plural)
45 A decree
47 A letter of the Greek alphabet
49 A wild flower
50 To box with the fists
51 Exist
52 A gold coin of Portugal
53 Spanish word for river
54 Not
55 A number of persons banded together for a common purpose
57 Spreading by rumor or report
60 Tyrian princess, reputed founder of Carthage
62 Point beyond which no progression can be made
63 A part of a chair
64 Digits
66 One circuit around a race track
67 A trial
69 Honors with a festival
71 Corridor or passage in a building
74 Ticket permitting free transportation or admission
76 A poetic name for Ireland
79 Total; complete
82 To put on
84 Permission to enter
87 A common metal
88 Bashful
90 A hostelry
92 A citrus fruit
93 A weed
94 Ministered to, as in an illness
96 To direct the editorial policies of a newspaper
97 Sudden involuntary motion, as due to surprise
98 To get up from one's bed or place of repose
99 Harasses

VERTICAL

1 Embellish
2 Rant
3 A short poem that may be set to music (plural)
4 Mental state
5 To prohibit
6 At all times
7 The French word for "the" (masc.)
8 A host
9 Yes
11 A swordlike weapon (plural)
12 A region
13 Material for making surgical bandages
14 Comrades
16 Rank growth
17 Wagon for carrying heavy loads
24 Italian coins
26 The beard of grain
28 Epochs
30 To twirl rapidly
31 A scheme
32 One of the constituent parts of anything
33 Moist
35 A hermit
36 Medicine used as a heart sedative
38 A soft food for infants or invalids
39 Defamatory talk
40 Lessen
42 One of the United States
44 To mingle
46 A company
48 To supply with weapons
50 Turf
56 A Hoosier humorist
58 Fools
59 A part of the face
61 An evil of any kind
63 A heavenly body
65 A part of the leg
68 A frying pan with a long handle
70 Also
72 The horn of an animal
73 The undressed skins of beasts
75 A party or faction
77 To tear
78 A vegetable (plural)
80 Tidy
81 The seat of ancient Irish kings
82 One who colors materials
83 Insect eggs
85 To be borne in or on a vehicle
86 To give forth
89 Anglo-Saxon money of account
91 Word used to introduce the maiden name of a matron
95 The three-toed sloth



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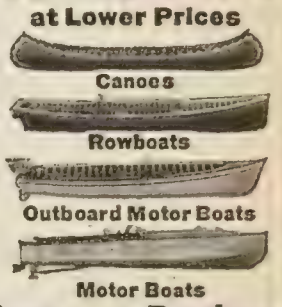

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Jekyll In the Office *and* Hyde At Home

RECENTLY the wife of a well known business man brought suit for divorce. She charged that he was brutal, cruel, and abusive. According to her story he came home every evening, scolded and abused, snarled at and cursed her and the children, bawled her out on the slightest pretext, and seldom spoke a pleasant word.

The news created a sensation in his office, and there was an indignation meeting among the secretaries and stenographers.

"The idea! She must be a terrible thing to say such things about him; he is the politest and most considerate man in the world."

Then the girls vied with each other to praise him and tell tales of how polite and nice he was.

The peculiar part of it was that both the wife and the girls were right. He was one of the numerous type of mankind that give all their politeness and courtesy to those they meet in business and who deny these amenities to their families. They save up all the rudeness and impoliteness of the day and free it at home.

This class is extremely large, so large that a man who is ultra-polite in business is under suspicion of being a tyrant and a bully at home.

I know a man, married to a charming and refined woman, who vents all his boorishness upon her. He is polite and considerate even toward the servants in his home, and his manner changes even when one of them enters a room. He would not think of speaking to a servant, an office worker, or anyone encountered in business either in the words or the tone with which he habitually addresses his wife. Occasionally she flares up and then he apologizes and says he didn't mean it.

She excuses much of it on the grounds that he is nervous and tired after a hard day in the office. The fact is it is a habit. He would fire an assistant if that assistant should swear in the presence of his secretary, yet at home he will swear and scold in the presence of his wife.

The wives have the remedy in their own hands.

THE END

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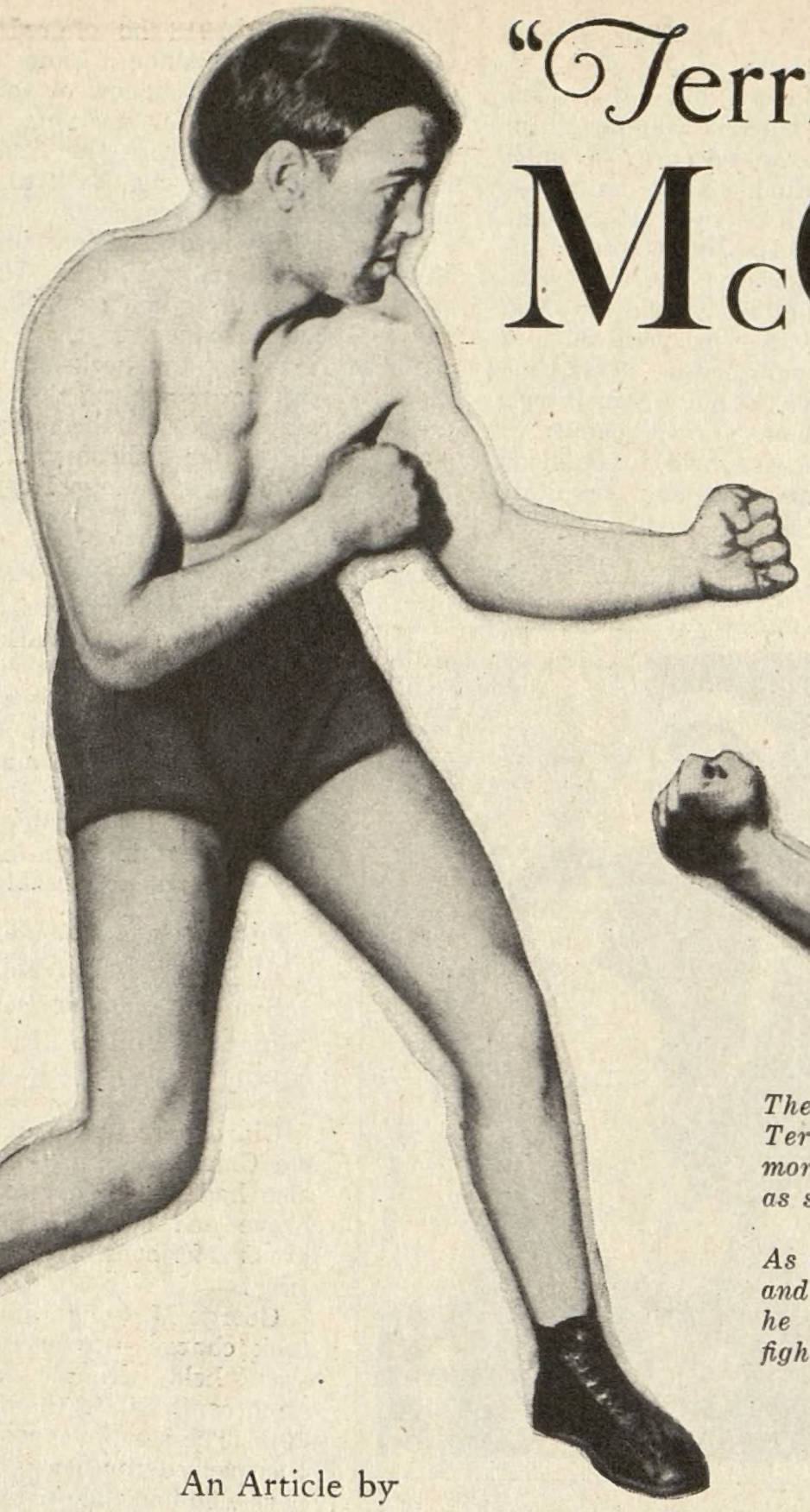
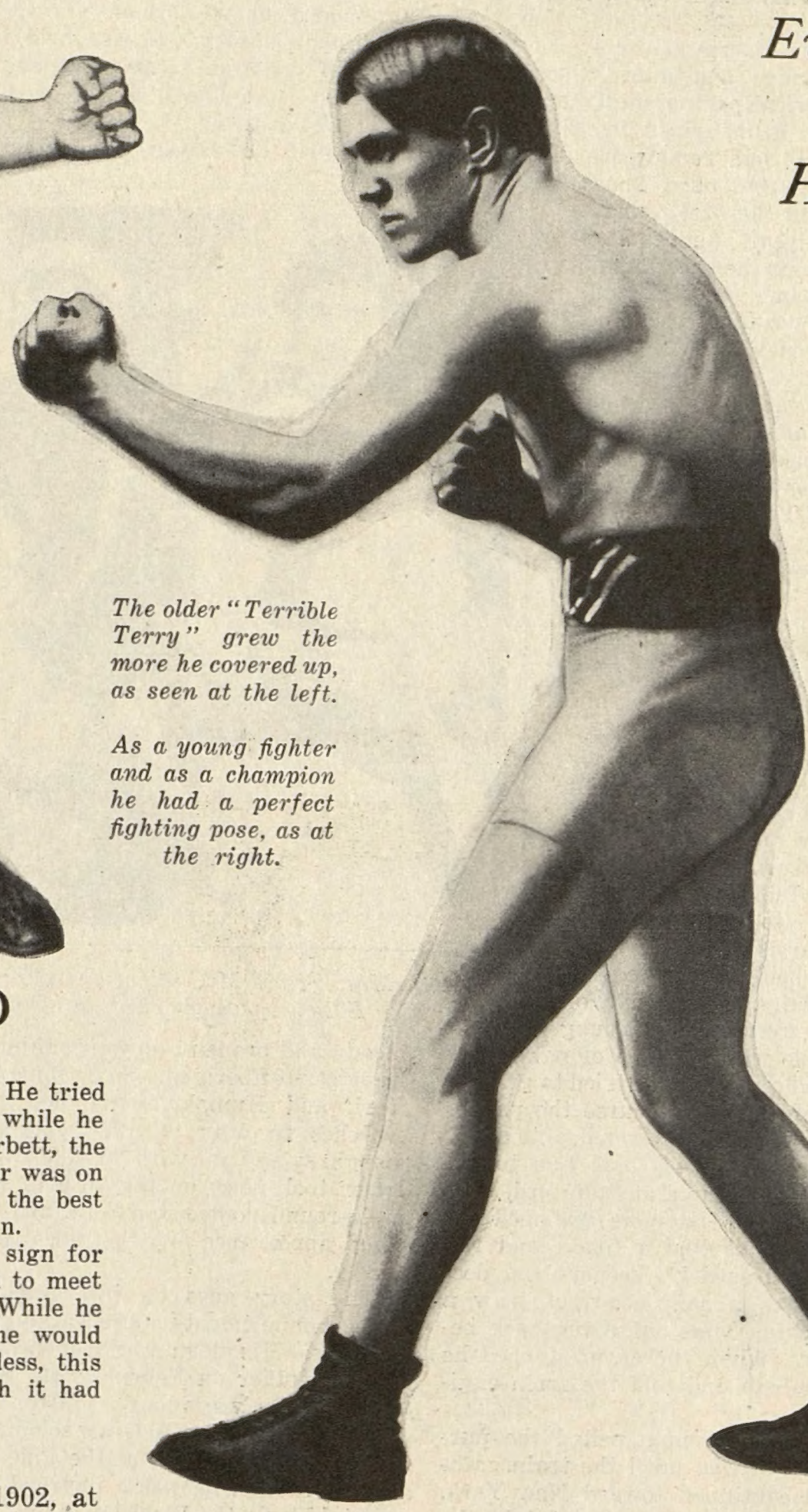
Dept. F 5680 12th St. Detroit, Mich.

"Terrible Terry" McGovern

The Story of a Prize-Ring Idol Who Could Master Everybody But Himself





The older "Terrible Terry" grew the more he covered up, as seen at the left.

As a young fighter and as a champion he had a perfect fighting pose, as at the right.

An Article by

SID SUTHERLAND

DEFEAT came hard to "Terrible Terry" McGovern. He tried to digest it by adding more whisky to his regimen while he called constantly for a return match with Young Corbett, the man who laid him low at Hartford, Connecticut. But his star was on the wane. The little demon of Red Hook, who had whipped the best men in three classes, was never to fight in his old form again.

Sam H. Harris, the fallen fighter's manager, continued to sign for more matches, but Terry simply would not get into condition to meet his opponents. Promoters began to grow cool toward him. While he was still a big drawing card, there was no certainty that he would actually crawl through the ropes at a given time. Nevertheless, this was the most picturesque period of Terry's career, although it had little to do with the prize ring.

PART FIVE

TERRY was at breakfast one morning in August, 1902, at his training quarters in Bridgeport, Connecticut, when he broke into print as a hero. From his porch he saw a couple fall into the Housatonic River. Running down, he plunged in and almost lost his life in a vain effort to save Miss Iva Miller, the beautiful niece of the late J. H. Lewis, a millionaire, and her escort, Capt. George Culver, a wealthy yachtsman. They had fallen overboard while trying to lift the anchor of Miss Miller's launch preparatory to running up the river to the races.

In October, 1902, Hal Reid wrote The Peddler for Terry. Joe Welch, Jewish comedian, helped him make up for the role, which was that of a bearded huckster in shirt sleeves, suspenders, and a derby hat. Terry's dialect, say those who heard it, was a weird thing. In this play Harris and McGovern offered fifty dollars to all who could stay four rounds. In Atlanta, Georgia, a locally renowned colored boy took a chance. Before the first round was half over he yelled for the sponge.

"Ain't got no sponge!" his excited second shouted.

"T'row in the towel then, you blame fool!" the battered boxer cried.

"I done lost our towel," responded the agonized handler.

"Well, t'row in that damn bucket or jump in heah yohself!" came the despairing appeal.

Harris, wiping his eyes, stopped it.

In March, 1903, Terry got his return match with Young Corbett and was knocked out in eleven rounds. This fight was in San Francisco.

In February, while in vaudeville at Scranton, Pennsylvania, he was called as an expert witness in the trial of a local boxer arrested for

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

taking part in a bout. The defense wanted to prove it was a boxing exhibition and not a prize fight. When Terry was called the judge refused to let him testify on the ground that he had not qualified as an expert on boxing.

"Not qualified!" Terry yelled.

"There's nothing in the record to show you are," said his honor.

"Nothing in my record to show I know anything about boxing!" Terry shouted, almost apoplectic.

The judge had his bailiff throw him out of the courtroom.

About this time Harris definitely cut loose from the fight game and joined George M. Cohan in a theatrical partnership. He turned Terry over to Joe Humphries. In 1905, broke and angered by Harlem Tommy Murphy's rise to fame, Terry fought once, knocking Murphy out in the first round.

Early in the year, under Humphries' guardianship, he began a long tour in For Fame and Fortune, which Hal Reid wrote for him. In one scene Humphries threw the medicine ball to Terry, neither knowing the villain had packed it with dynamite. Terry missed it and it went out the back-drop window and blew up a house across the street. With several fervent "Thank Gods," Humphries and Terry strode down to the footlights to receive the gallery's relieved applause.

ON April 8, while playing in St. Paul, Terry went crazy. The show closed and Humphries took him to a sanitarium in Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he was said to be incurable. Accompanied by Big Tim Sullivan, Humphries, "Dry Dollar" Sullivan, and several other New York sports, Terry returned to Gotham a prisoner in a Pullman stateroom. He was taken to the Metropole Hotel, where Harris was waiting.

Suddenly he bolted out the door and down the stairs. In the bar, on his way to the street, he saw Young Corbett at a table with a group of newspaper men. Cursing and screaming he tried to grapple with his conqueror, and of course the papers were filled with his arrest and removal to a cell.

The next morning Harris took him to Dr. Amos J. Givens' sanitarium at Stamford, Connecticut. Three days later he walloped his guard on the jaw, vaulted a fence, and ran into the woods, pursued by keepers and doctors. He came to a railroad track, saw a freight approaching, and put a big rock between the rails. When the train stopped he climbed into the cab and told the Irish engineer who he was.

The engineer and fireman pelted the pursuers with lumps of coal until the train gathered speed and continued toward New York. A few hours later a madman burst into the McGovern home in the old Gowanus district.

Mrs. McGovern telephoned Harris, who was at a Brooklyn theater with Little Johnny Jones, and he came at once. By the time he arrived Terry had become normal, and convinced his old manager that he would behave.

The next day he played a marker at Aqueduct and won $1,080 on the races. Then he went to Phil Howells' booking stand for the fifth race and bet a marker of $150 on Toi San to win. Toi San won and Howells refused to pay, saying he had accepted the bet as a joke. Terry wrecked the stand, and the Pinkertons barred him for life from the Long Island course.

Life thenceforth becomes a diary of arrests and releases for Terry. Harris would get him a part in a play, and he would carry on until he suddenly lost his mind. Then he would be put away for a month or two. He fought three times in 1906, with Battling Nelson, Jimmy Britt, and Young Corbett; but they were no-decision bouts and he barely held his own.

In January, 1907, Dr. Givens received him again at the Stamford sanitarium. This time it seemed he would never get out. Sam Harris arranged a monster benefit for the family of the broken fighter. It was held in Madison Square Garden on January 23, and was quite the most spectacular thing of its kind in Gotham's history.

In April, Dr. Givens decided Terry, while moody and prone to do weird things, would be harmless if liberated. So he came back to New York and Humphries handled him in two matches in May of 1908, one with Young Loughrey and one with "Spike" Robson. The latter took place on the 26th in Philadelphia, a six-round no-decision bout, and was the last ring appearance of the once incomparable Terry.

Photo, *The Ring*

Mr. and Mrs. Terry McGovern, their son Joe and daughter Lillian, photographed in August, 1902

The story goes on interminably—arrests, fines, commitments, observations, detentions, releases. His gloom was deepened by the death of his mother on February 16, 1910. Harris and Cohan always had a job for him in their theaters; and John McGraw solemnly appointed him assistant trainer at the Polo Grounds.

And though he was a physical wreck and a mental blank, the World War had no little part in bringing about his death. On July 19, 1917, Terry addressed the "Midday Minute Men" in New York City. He said:

"Ladies and gents: We're all here for a purpose. We want to lick the Kaiser, and I'll not tell you now we've got to go out determined to lick him. Here I am, willing to give everything I've got to go out and fight. I never was a coward and I hope I never will be. We must enlist as American citizens under the Stars and Stripes. I thank you."

Saying which he fell back unconscious, overcome by the July sun.

And early in 1918 he offered to referee some of the boxing bouts at Camp Upton. The soldiers cheered the shadow of former greatness as he climbed in the ring and nodded vaguely around. Before the first match he swooned and was carried back to the heavily mortgaged home in Brooklyn.

He never fully recovered consciousness. Mrs. McGovern, answering Harris' telephone call, said he was holding his own, and Sam told her to spare no expense.

There Terry lay for weeks, half conscious, his body wasting, mumbling that he must get up and train for his forthcoming bout with Young Corbett. On February 19, 1918, they took him to King's County Hospital, where he died of pneumonia on the morning of Washington's Birthday.

As he closed his gray eyes for the last time, one wonders if he was vouchsafed a glimpse across the dark gulf to see the great company of ring men who had preceded him there within nine months. Here they are and the dates they died—and what a company they must have made as they welcomed the immortal "Terrible Terry" and strode with him, arm in arm, toward the Final Judge's seat!

Les Darcy	May 25, 1917
Al Palzer	July 29, 1917
Bob Fitzsimmons.	Oct. 22, 1917
John L. Sullivan..	Feb. 2, 1918
Billy Madden	Feb. 21, 1918

Oh, a rare group of heroes, with old Charlie White, the referee, who also had passed on, to explain how brave and square and mighty the great McGovern had been in the ring!

George M. Cohan and Sam Harris took charge of the funeral, which was held from the home on Eighteenth Street the morning of the 25th. The steep, snow-slippery street was packed for blocks by the neighbors who had followed Terry's career for nearly twenty-one years.

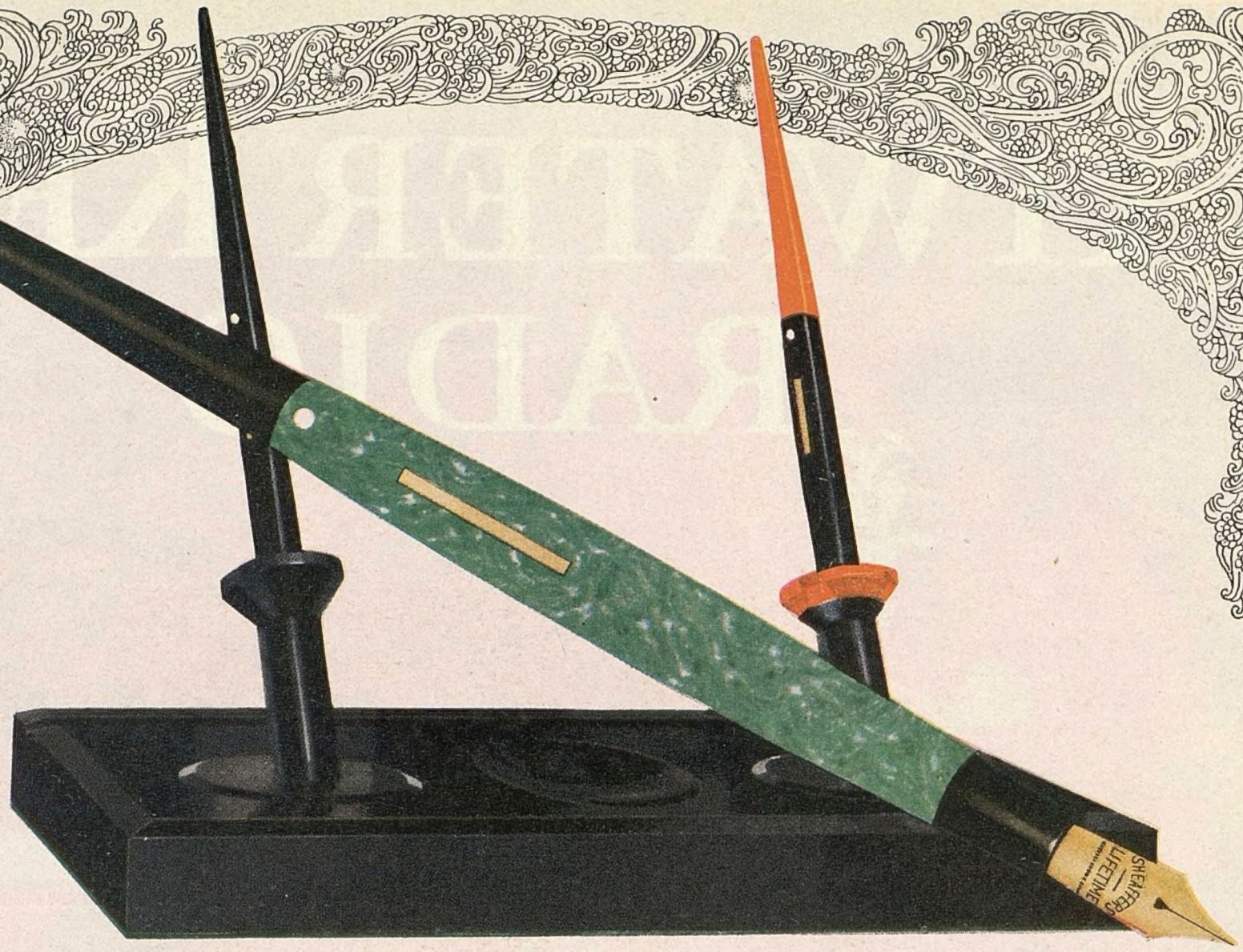
The pallbearers were Harris, Cohan, County Clerk William E. Kelly, Senator William J. Heffernan, Charles Devoy, John H. McCooey, John J. Delaney, William A. Rafter, Bob Edgren, Joe Humphries, John McGraw, and James J. Corbett.

FROM the Church of St. John the Evangelist was brought and laid across the grave in the family plot in Holy Cross Cemetery a blanket of white roses that Harris had sent. There were wreaths from Brooklyn admirers, such as the Hook and Ladder Company at whose picnic Terry first met Grace Smalley, and floral pieces bearing the cards of men prominent throughout the world.

A week or so later, Harris sent for the widow and her son and handed them two checks, the first for $3,333.33, and the other for $6,666.67, the $10,000 that was left of the great benefit in 1907.

Today, her money gone, Mrs. McGovern is living in a small flat in Brooklyn. Her voice quavers with pride as she talks of the little champion who fought seventy-nine times in his whirlwind career, who won thirty-four of these battles by knockouts and twenty-seven by a referee's decision; who met twelve men in no-decision contests, who fought four draws with boxers he later defeated—and who lost just twice.

THE END



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3] Every part of Atwater Kent Receiving Sets and Radio Speakers are made in the factory of Atwater Kent Mfg. Co.—even down to the smallest screw, the smallest name-plate.

4] Because the Atwater Kent factory makes and assembles its own parts on such a vast scale, so carefully planned, the price cannot be equalled in any other Radio that does as much so well.

5] You will find that Atwater Kent Radio meets every requirement. It is designed by engineers who know. It goes to you with the guarantee of a manufacturer whose name-plate has been a symbol of excellence for more than twenty-five years.

And—this Compact Model, only 6½ inches high, although five-tubed and full-powered, is exclusive with Atwater Kent. Let an Atwater Kent dealer show you how the Compact, with an Atwater Kent Radio Speaker, would fit into any convenient corner of your home and what it would do there!

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING

The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you Radio's finest program. Hear it at 9:15 Eastern Time, 8:15 Central Time, through:

WEAF	*New York*	WCCO	*Minn.-St. Paul*
WEEI	*Boston*	WGN	*Chicago*
WSAI	*Cincinnati*	WGR	*Buffalo*
WCAP	*Washington*	WWJ	*Detroit*

Send for illustrated booklet telling the complete story of Atwater Kent Radio.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO.
A. Atwater Kent, President
4749 Wissahickon Ave. : Philadelphia, Pa.

Radio Speaker Model H.

Model 20 Compact, cable attached.